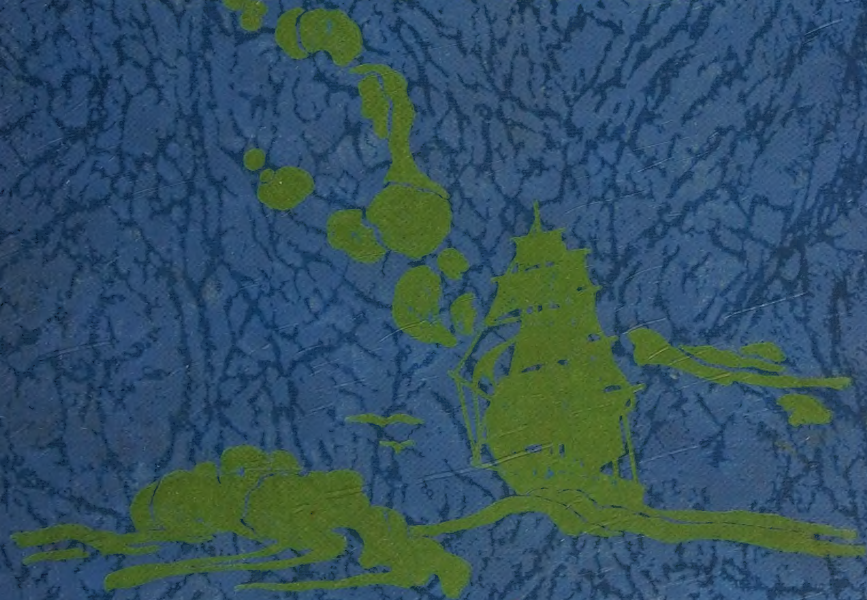


THE TOPAZ SEAL

by
EDITH HEAL



YOUNG AMERICA SERIES

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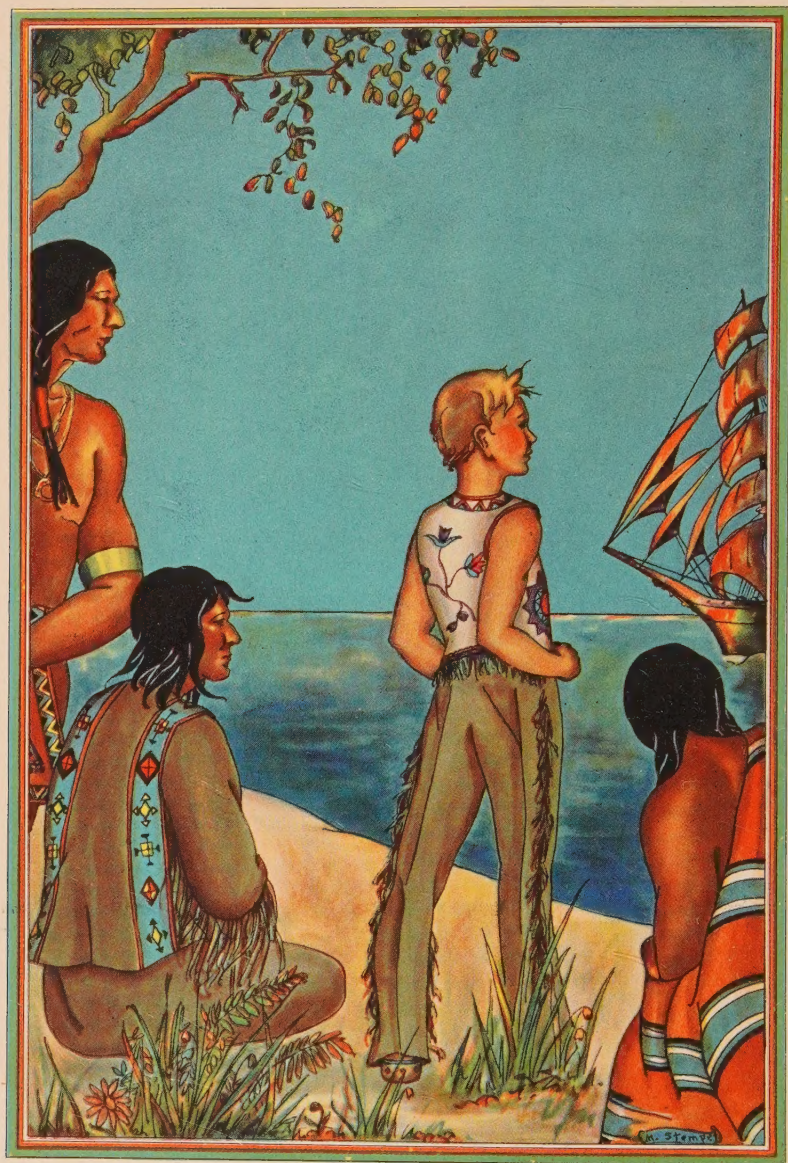


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*There they all stood—a half moon of them,
like stone men, listening.*

THE TOPAZ SEAL

A Mystery Romance of
the Jamestown Colony

By EDITH HEAL

Illustrated by
MARJORIE STEMPEL

CHICAGO



NEW YORK

LAIDLAW BROTHERS

MCMXXVIII

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The Yellow-Haired Boy.....	1
II. Mistress Nancy Wainman.....	10
III. In the Marketplace.....	24
IV. The King's Business.....	46
V. Messenger of the Sun God.....	64
VI. Dark Days at Jamestown.....	82
VII. The Tale of an Old Mariner.....	102
VIII. Gabriel Hooker Assumes His Own Dis- guise	120
IX. The Sign of the Sun God.....	139
X. An English Christmas.....	157
XI. Another Governor Arrives.....	172
XII. The Spanish Ship.....	186
XIII. The Armorial Roll.....	198
XIV. A Masquerade Ball.....	211
XV. Spanish Treachery	220
XVI. The Summons from Parahunt.....	238
XVII. At the King's Court.....	260
XVIII. More Adventures in London.....	271
XIX. In the Service of the King.....	279

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
There they all stood—a half moon of them, like stone men, listening.....	Frontispiece
“Every fold be set now, dearie, so have a care,” the woman said.....	42
Then, stroking his jaunty beard musingly, he began his story.....	106
Miles lay on a ragged couch bound by ropes that pinned him in an uncomfortable, half-sitting position	138
Dale went forward and knelt by the old man’s side	250
They waited for a while in a small room while a page went to tell the Earl that they were there	282

INTRODUCTION

The Topaz Seal, a mystery romance of the Jamestown colony, is the first in *Young America*, a series of historical juveniles to deal with life in the United States from Colonial to Civil War days. Altho the number of historical novels for young Americans is legion, nothing as panoramic as this proposed series has yet been undertaken. The series will grow from year to year and when completed will have touched practically every important epoch of our national history.

It is neither supposed nor intended that this story survey of American history supplant the formal history books, but it is thought that the stories may supplement them and make alive the historical characters that are usually so lifeless in the regular texts. For every child is, like little Miles in *The Topaz Seal*, a "play actor," and is ever putting himself in the "other fellow's" place. And if the "other fellow" is a child too, how much more readily the transition from the Twentieth Century to a bygone time is effected!

In *The Topaz Seal* the author has put alongside the famous names one finds in history, new names no one has heard of before. Against a background Captain John Smith made famous, Nancy and Miles and Dale act their exciting roles, overhear strange secrets still held by forgotten manuscripts and live in the Seventeenth Century so real it seems like today.

—*The Publishers*



THE YELLOW-HAIRED BOY

NOISELESSLY as a shadow, the boy swung the light shallop into the bright stream. Looking backward into the dark woods, he watched for a moment to see if any leaf stirred or if any opening showed the crouching figure of a red man. He had escaped them this time! But even as a pleasant sense of joy filled him, he shivered in dread.

Perhaps he *had* eluded the great chief Parahunt and his Indian braves, but his absence would not be unnoticed for long. And when they once started to pursue him, he could never outwit them. They knew what lay beyond every horizon—the rolling, blue-topped hills, the sunny valleys, the rivers so confusingly alike. Because of their intimate knowledge of this land, the red men had held Virginia from the white men. Colonists like the boy's father and mother who had come from England had been a prey to the mysteries of the new country and had perished through starvation and the terrors of Indian treachery.

The boy plunged his paddle, now shallow, now deep, in his eagerness to pursue his journey down the river. The little craft bounced and danced instead of slinking, Indian-footed, over the oily path. It seemed to know that it was on a quest for white men. So intently did the boy dream of the Colony of Jamestown which he had heard was inhabited by Englishmen, that he forgot he was running away.

The merry splash of his paddle brought watchers from the woods. Trees parted, pebbles rolled unheeded to the shore. Brown faces with shining eyes, glistening skin, and stern features stood forth from the moving background of bushes and trembling leaves. The Indians stood staring after him with disbelief in their eyes. Gravely and with infinite caution they launched their shallops and set out after him. They could not let him go, for long before a white woman had brought him to them and his golden hair proclaimed him the gift of the noble sun god who meant joy and good fortune to their tribe.

But the white woman's son heard not with the red man's ear of foreboding, and no sly second sight showed him the two shallops that crept behind him, now hidden by the bends of the stream, now lurking in the shadows of the banks. He was far too excited to be cautious. At last the day had come

for him to carry out his mother's wish. He thought of her now, as he paddled steadily along with the swift current.

She had said to him again and again, "Never become one of the Indians, Dale. They will try to make thee their god, and life will be easy for thee with thy golden hair making thee appear magic to them. Thou must not take the easy way. Keep thyself a white man, and some day thou wilt hear of other white men in Virginia. Seek them and tell them of thy parents' fate and of the Lost Colony. They will care for thee."

The day had come when, like his father, she was buried in the dark earth. His loneliness had kept her wish alive in his heart. Years went by and he had grown sturdier in spirit and in body. He had lived like an Indian boy—bounding up high hills with gray squirrels at play, dashing down to the river banks to fish. Once a strange omen had come to him to prove that his mother was right. As he stood beside the stream one early morning, he saw a boat drifting down the river. In it were white men, the only other fair-skinned people save his father and mother, he had ever seen. Before he ran away in terror, he heard a man's voice speaking the tongue his father had taught him, "Look, Captain Newport! 'Tis a boy about ten years of

age with golden hair and a white skin. Think ye, perhaps he is one from the Lost Colony of Roanoke?" There were white men after all!

He had kept very still about this adventure. He had waited until he was big enough to paddle a shallop alone to set out in search of the white men he had seen with his own eyes and heard about from his dead parents.

On, on. He must not dream of these things now. No time to stop and laugh at the brown beaver slipping on her short, stumpy legs as she staggered along with the roof of her log home. Only a moment to snatch a handful of raspberries from the bank, though the sun in midheaven told him it was dinner time. He must not stop until evening, when he could hide more easily from his pursuers who would have noticed his departure and guessed that his journey was to Jamestown.

Night came, black clouds pressing lower and lower against the bright skyline until it was pushed down into the river and the mysterious earth. Parahunt, the wisest Indian, had once said that the English colony at Jamestown was down the river five suns away. Five suns danced in the flame of his fire, five moons sailed before his eyes as they closed with drowsiness. He slept, dreaming of his golden-haired mother and his father's smiling eyes.

And near him the red men watched him as they had always watched him as long as he could remember.

He awoke as he awoke each day, a slow returning to the world after the vividness of his dreams. Quivering laziness ran through his young, straight limbs. He wanted to lie all day in the sun and catch a fish for dinner and go back to the red men to have it cooked for him. It was far easier to be a red man's god and be comfortable, than to be a white man and have to do all the work himself. But he shook this thought away at once, and started forth again. The first day it rained and the next it grew cold, almost as if, at the word of the Indian gods, the seasons changed to keep the boy from leaving the Indian people. But nothing could stop him now. He was filled with the stoicism the Indians had taught him. Who could play all day with the wiry, little redskins and not learn their ways? They never cried when they were disappointed, and they never cherished hopes. He tried to face his journey as the little brown boys would have faced it.

The fifth day came and before he had paddled far that early morning he saw floating on the river surface the white ash from a fire. As he drew nearer his goal, he remembered the cautioning words of the redskins. He cut great boughs from the fir trees near the shore and piled them across

his frail boat so that it seemed but a part of the uneven shore line as it moved forward. When the woods began to thin and more signs of the presence of men registered upon his sensitive vision, he hid the boat in a small inlet and pressed forward on foot. All at once some sixth sense aroused him. Without looking behind him, he knew that he was followed. Bears, wolves, the silver-haired fox, the wild-cat—he thought of their padded hoofs and shivered. Nerving himself, he turned to confront his enemy. His heart fluttered wildly. What he saw filled him with despair. Staring at him from heavy-lidded eyes, watching him with expressionless brown faces were a dozen Indians from the home he had left up the river. One by one they touched his golden head and greeted him—quite as if he had never run away from them. At last Amenquin spoke to him.

“Child of the sun god, where art thou going?”

He told them that he was leaving their tribe forever, that he was off to seek the white men at Jamestown. They feared him as he stood there with flashing eyes. No one stopped him as he hurried forward again. They only followed him like quiet shadows that he could not escape.

Toward evening they heard a dull, thudding noise

in the distance and they felt the ground shake beneath their feet.

"What is that, Amenquin?" he cried. "What is it, what is it?"

Amenquin stood as if turned to stone. He leaned forward with his nostrils quivering. He made a queer sound in his throat that brought the others running to him. There they all stood, a half moon of them, like stone men, listening. And all the while, Dale was running down to the water's edge, crying, "What is it, what do you see?"

And then he saw for himself. Great ships with creaking masts and sails like great birds' wings. Terror came to him. He whispered to the sky, holding his hands together and kneeling as he had seen his mother do.

Amenquin dashed forth from the bushes and lifting the boy in his arms carried him into the safety of the dark woods. As the earth shook once more, and the white man's weapon rolled like thunder, a faint sobbing echoed in the forest.

* * * * *

All that day they watched from the leafy thicket and saw the white men going about their tasks. The colonists seemed to be in a state of vast excitement. Men scanned the gray waters as if they were

waiting for something and the women and children flocked to the beach. At night, fires dotted the shores and no one in the Colony slept. The silent red men and the yellow-haired boy hidden in the thicket did not sleep either. They waited to see what it was that kept the colonists at Jamestown from their beds. It was nearly dawn when the dull, thudding noise of the white man's weapon sounded again. In the distance were three great ships. They came close to the shore and anchored to the trees.

"More ships from over the sea," Amenquin murmured.

"What does it mean?" cried Dale.

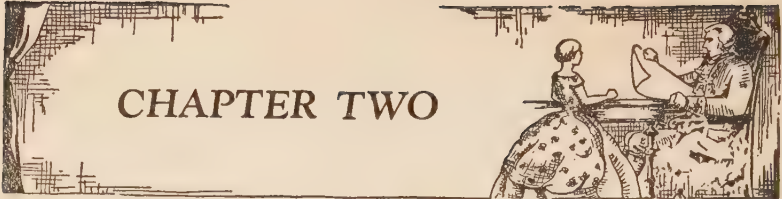
"England has sent help to Jamestown so that the colonists shall not starve," answered the Indian.

A host of newcomers! Men with silver hair and pale faces who looked as if they were unaccustomed to the wind and seas; others as brown and wiry as the Indians themselves; the new Governor, his Council, and their attendants with scarlet cloaks; the few housewives of Jamestown welcoming the ladies of England, and children from the mother country across the sea playing with children of the new colony of Virginia. No one could settle down to the business of moving into the houses, unpacking the chests, and distributing the messages from the

King to his people. It was a day for singing and gossiping! Joyous welcoming went on from early morning until dark.

And beyond the rim of woods that lay beside the village, the twelve redskins lay watching, and in the center of the gloom a boy's golden curls stirred softly in the breeze.





CHAPTER TWO

MISTRESS NANCY WAINMAN

THE Colony of Jamestown was as much a mystery to young Nancy Wainman as it was to the yellow-haired boy hidden in the thickets. All the way over from England she had wondered about the strange new land that was to be their home. Now, on the second day of their arrival, the small maiden had found her father alone and she began the questions that had tormented her ever since their departure.

"But Father, thou hast not yet told me what is happening to me. All the way since we left Broxley Hall, thou hast promised, and the morrow and the morrow and the morrow come and thou dost not explain."

"Thou shalt know in due time, lass," he said dreamily, and sitting down at a great walnut table turned his attention to a sheet of paper that rolled into a long tube every time his fingers slipped away from its corners.

The child sat very quietly, her rosy cheeks dimpling as she saw her father's awkward fingers slip off one corner and then another so that the plan he

studied was a tube more often than a map that he could read.

"Oh, faith!" cried Sir Ferdinand Wainman furiously.

"'Twould be very easy for me to hold the corners for thee, Father, had I a mind to," said Nancy softly.

"Hadst thou a mind to, indeed! Child, child, nary a manner wilt thou have. Ever since we left Broxley thou hast run wild, and now, thy second day in Virginia, thou hast begun wilder than ever," sighed the kindly faced man.

"A pretty name, Virginia. I wonder where the place is," she said impudently.

"Where it is? Why, here it is, where thou art. Oh, Nance, do not plague me so."

"But Father, I know nought. Never did I know so little about anything, even my Latin readings," said Nancy seriously. "'Tis like living in a new world without a guide or any one who will tell which way to go. I know not the names of the flowers that grow in the woods, or—"

"Nancy, hast thou been in the woods? Never, never, never,—" Sir Ferdinand's face grew red as he tried to scold the winsome maid across the table, but his eyes softened when her mouth drooped. "There, there, Nance, I have treated thee like a

child, and I know that thou art far wiser. I will tell thee the story, all of it, though I haven't a moment to spare."

"I warned thee, Father, thou shouldst have told me on the boat when there was nought to do all day but look for land that never was there. Hurry now, and I shall listen well and ask thee as few questions as possible, only the big questions. Where am I? Why did we leave Broxley where we had so many lovely times with dear Mama? Where are we going to live here—in this stuffy little house of thy cousin, Lord Delaware? Tell me, Father."

Her eager little face was wistful for a moment, but soon she was still and ready to listen in the grown-up manner she had learned to use since the strange, sudden upheaval that had whisked her away from stately England over the sea.

"All England talks of the Colony in Virginia called Jamestown, Nance. I know that thou hast heard of it from thy governesses, of its Indians—that is why thou must keep out of the woods—of its wilderness, and of the lost heroes who have come from England to live here and have never been seen or heard of again. I knew little more of it than thou, child, when I was at Broxley. My heart was made glad daily by the sweet presence of thy mother, and England was enough with her fine

horses, her sunny skies, and the days of work and play together. Then thy mother left us, Nance, and thou rememberest how all the joy went too, and we sang each other songs because she would have wished us to be gay. And we went to London town as often as we could to buy new horses for the stables, new books for me, and dolls for thee, sweet. But I could never be happy again at Broxley Hall. So it was when my cousin Thomas West, Lord Delaware, was appointed Lord Governor of the Colony at Jamestown and sent here by the London* Company, he asked me to attend him."

"But Father, is there no city here? Is it all woods and sand and little houses that let the rain come through?" asked the child anxiously.

"Virginia is just what thou seest, Nance? These charts I have here before me are plans for new houses that will be strong. Streets will be cut; a market place will be here,—see, Nancy, where the cross lies; three hundred people must be warmed and sheltered." Sir Ferdinand's face was grave.

"A cross for a market place! I always thought that a cross on a chart meant a treasure," she pouted.

"Who can tell what lies in Virginia? It is all a treasure that we must hold for the King. Unless

* This "London Company of Virginia" was also called "The Virginia Company of London."

we make the people happy here, they will want to go back to England, and we cannot call Virginia our own unless we stay upon its lands. Wilt thou be brave, Nancy, and think every time the rain leaks through that it is for the King?"

Her gray eyes surveyed him solemnly.

"Aye, Father, for the King," she said tenderly.

Loud voices interrupted them. The door opened and Sir Ferdinand stood up hastily and bowed before the tall, white-haired figure of Sir Thomas Gates, the former Governor, and the nervous, dynamic figure of Lord Delaware, the new Governor.

"Tell the child to go out and play, Sir Ferdinand," said Lord Delaware crossly.

"I'm needed here," she said primly.

Sir Thomas Gates covered his mouth hurriedly and the child's father shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Tis no place for little girls here. Why did you bring her anyhow?" said Lord Delaware impatiently. Then, struggling with his curiosity, he demanded, "Why are you needed?"

"To sit on the corners of the chart," said Nancy calmly. "It rolls into a tube unless you hold it. Straighten it out, Father."

With hands that shook, Sir Ferdinand opened the great chart. The little maiden sat her doll on one

corner, and herself on another. Her back was to the three men, so that they did not see the twinkle in her eyes—only a head of bronze curls tilted to one side, and a back that sat so stiffly it might have belonged to a king's soldier.

"You'd better hurry," she said in a small voice.

Sir Thomas Gates came to the rescue. He turned to the pompous little figure of Lord Delaware and said reverently, "Will your lordship be seated?"

The Governor sat down and fastened his alert eyes on the chart before him. Sir Ferdinand held one bottom corner and Sir Thomas the other. Each stole a smiling glance at the stiff figures on the other corners, but the sharp voice of the Governor brought them quickly to attention.

For a long time the voices of the three Englishmen were heard in a steady monotone. The little girl's alert ears caught the most interesting things they said and stored them away in her small head. It was of little interest to her to hear that the new homes were to be built of logs instead of planks and protected with Indian mats to keep out the heat and cold. She was glad that there were to be wide chimneys, for the great fireplaces at Broxley Hall had long been her happiest refuge, but chimneys drawn on a great chart seemed very unreal as she surveyed the poor colony from her window. It was all very

disappointing to find that the map the three men studied contained nothing more exciting than a future village.

Outside, the sun was warm and mellow. Already the colonists had put their red cloaks away, and with bare arms and poor garments on their bodies, they toiled over their log houses. But they sang and laughed, and ran here and there within the triangular palisade eager for any new discovery. Nancy watched them wistfully. She had been kept apart on the big ship that had carried her from England. She knew no more about the children that played in the palisade than if they lived in London town.

Most of all she wanted to speak to the littlest boy of them all. He had a mop of black curls that covered his white forehead and hung over his big, black eyes. His body was so thin it made his head seem too large in proportion. He walked beside a sly and ugly fellow who wore a red cloak that was too small for him, when Lord Delaware called for his halberdiers to don their uniforms. The ugly man had been an actor, Nancy's father said, who fled to Virginia because the company of players to which he belonged was disbanded by the law. Nancy wondered if the black-haired boy had ever been upon the stage, and rather thought he had because he

made the strangest faces when he played by himself. Now he looked like a sad priest with a long mouth and his black curls back from his broad forehead, now like a gay cavalier as he whistled a tune and strutted to and fro. Nance liked him best when he crouched on the ground and played he was a rabbit. Of course he had never told her that, but surely when he hopped about so lightly he could be thinking of nought else but a leaping rabbit.

She wriggled uncomfortably on her corner of the chart and wondered if Arabella, who sat so erectly on the other corner, were not tired too. She heard the sharp voice of Lord Delaware ordering Sir Thomas Gates to attack the Indians at a place called Kecoughtan. She heard her father's plans for two new forts, at the mouth of a river called Hampton, to be named Charles and Henry after the sons of the great King. But none of it made her glad that she had offered to sit on the corner of the chart to keep it from rolling into a tube.

It was when she thought she could bear it no longer, when prickles stabbed her all the way up her spine and an ache in the middle of her back divided her exactly in half, that she saw through the open window the tall, ugly actor and the little, black-haired boy following him. The actor walked up and down in front of Lord Delaware's small house as if

he were in deep thought. Like a sentinel, thought Nancy, remembering her father's tales of wartime when great men had to be protected, or like a spy. She did not know what made her think of the latter except that the actor walked nearer and nearer the window each time he passed, and though his head was bent in thought it seemed almost as if he were straining his ears to listen to the droning voices within.

Then she forgot to watch the man, so delighted was she with the little boy. What an excellent playmate he would make! He hopped nearly twenty paces on one leg, and then hung upside down on the lowest branch of a tree. She watched him go further and further into the pleasant woods, wishing she were with him.

Suddenly Lord Delaware looked up and noticed her straining figure. He followed her eyes to the window and saw the back of a man striding rapidly away. He went swiftly forward.

"That actor again, Sir Ferdinand. He showeth too much interest in you and me."

Sir Thomas Gates looked up wonderingly.

"What, Sir, there is cause to suspect someone in thy company?"

"Perhaps not," said Lord Delaware slowly, "but

we have strange people among us, men who prefer rather to live in Virginia than to die on the gallows in England. This fellow has been seen lurking around corners where he had no right to be. We must find out who he is."

"In faith, it looketh as if he were coming to tell us," smiled Sir Ferdinand.

And so it did, for running across the square, waving his arms and calling loudly, came the man they had just seen striding away from them.

The actor came straight up to the window this time, and looked in on the strange little group within; Lord Delaware, red-faced and stern; Sir Thomas, cold and aloof with a question in his eyes; Sir Ferdinand, with his arm about a small maid with startled gray eyes and bronze curls framing her delicate face.

"Your lordship," said the man breathlessly, "have I your leave to ring the church bell? My little son has strayed away from me. In a moment he was gone, and I have looked everywhere in the palisade. He is a sly monk and perchance within easy reach, but delighteth in hiding from me. I have told him if ever the church bell rings, he is to come at once to help me into my red cloak. It pleaseth him to see gay colors, since he misseth the stage and its

costumes. May I ring the church bell? I am sure that he is within hearing and that it will certainly bring him back to me."

"What is your name?" was all that Lord Delaware answered.

"Gabriel Hooker, my lord, and my son is called Miles—a small boy, Governor, with a head of black curls and—."

"I do not think you have a boy at all," said the Governor shrewdly. "'Tis some trick, this ringing of the bell, to summon an enemy, perchance, or to warn a friend. Out with it, there is no child."

A mixture of surprise and fear played on the features of the tall fellow. It was Nancy who said earnestly,

"Ah, your lordship, perhaps he doth not always tell the truth, but he is telling it now. I saw the little boy with black curls wander into the forest yonder a half an hour ago."

"Nancy, why didn't you tell us?" said her father crossly.

"'Twould never have done to disturb your lordship in your most earnest business," chirped the small maid, "and besides, had it been myself gone walking in the forest I would hardly have liked to have someone tell that I had gone and call me back before I had scarce seen a thing."

"The woods are full of strange things," said Sir Thomas Gates with a worried frown. "You had best ring the church bell and perchance little Miles will come running."

"Do not worry," smiled Nancy. "Someone will bring him back safely."

"But there are no other people here, my sweet. 'Tis not like Broxley Hall, where the townsfolk live beyond the hill, and someone is always hunting in the woods nearby. There is no one, Nancy. That is why I told thee, never, never, never to go off alone."

The little girl looked up trustingly at the three men, and with a trace of scorn in her voice said, "But Father, how canst thou say that? I saw people myself, this morning when I went into the woods, men with red faces and feathers. They told us in our history lessons that their name was Indian. I also saw a boy not much older than myself with golden hair. He smiled at me, and I would have spoken to him had I not heard thee calling."

Sir Thomas Gates looked with frowning eyes at the dark, still woods beyond.

"Indians—already. How did they come upon us? We have watched the river ever since we landed. They must have been here before."

"But a boy with yellow hair sounds like an English child," said Sir Ferdinand in wonder.

"The child dreamed that, if she did not dream it all," said Lord Delaware.

"I dream only in my sleep, your lordship," said Nancy haughtily. "But I do not fear for Miles. The yellow-haired boy will bring him safely back."

At that moment, the sweet, imperative calling of the church bell began. Music that sang with a note of wild purity came from the roof of the little chapel.

Lord Delaware and the others went out of doors, into the square where the colonists pressed forward to learn what was wrong.

Suddenly a wailing cry came from the forest. As if by magic, three shallops were launched from the leafy shore line and twelve savages sped up the river.

"The church bell always frightens them," laughed Sir Thomas Gates. "They think it is the voice of the white man's god."

"And where is the golden-haired boy now, Mistress Wainman?" teased Lord Delaware.

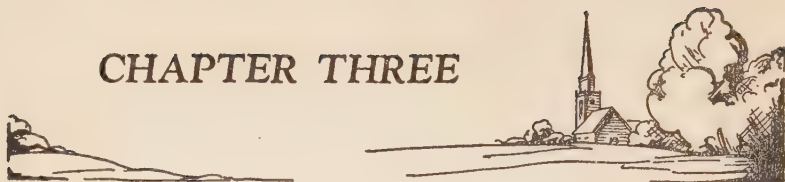
"There he is," the child's voice answered triumphantly.

They saw coming from the forest the slender, gnome-like figure of Miles Hooker holding the hand

of a graceful boy of fourteen years or so. He stopped when he saw them staring at him, and his face was very white beneath his golden hair.



CHAPTER THREE



IN THE MARKETPLACE

THE whole colony had flocked to the market place at the ringing of the church bell. Here were sturdy fishermen, carpenters, goldsmiths, doctors, and merchants. As they gathered together to discuss the summons, in every heart stirred the quick longing to leave this strange, new land. Perhaps it had been decided that they were to go home to England, England forever beautiful, even if smoky fogs hid the bright hedges, England forever safe from the strong warfare of forest creatures.

Lord Delaware confronted them. He stood with his feet apart, his face flushed, in so great a temper he forgot his usual dignity. The colonists followed his incredulous gaze and saw coming from the forest the boy called Miles Hooker, the mischievous son of Gabriel Hooker, holding the hand of the fair-haired boy. Even to those who looked with unimaginative eyes, there was something strange, almost eerie, about the whole proceeding. Miles was bent like a ploughman as he pulled after him the other's unwilling figure, while his eyes gleamed

with excitement and mystery, wavering between craftiness as he saw his father and an odd look of defiance as he saw the rest.

Yet it was this tiny, dynamic figure that belonged to them that seemed not of them after all, and the tall, slender boy he led out of the mysterious forest seemed a part of England itself. His hair was so fair, his eyes so blue. He had an air of freshness and youth, the same slightly imperious bearing that red-coated lads on chestnut horses in London town wore. He might have been a young captain of the British Navy. As he stood facing them, his lithe body perfectly poised and graceful, one might have thought that it was Miles that had been delivered up from the darkness of the gnarled woods and that this newcomer belonged to the English Colony.

“What meanest thou, Miles Hooker, by disobeying the rules of the Colony that were told thee by thy father?” said Lord Delaware sternly. Then he turned eagerly to the strange boy who had come out of the forest so unexpectedly. But before he spoke, the fair-haired lad smiled and cried out with such emotion in his voice his listeners were startled.

“You are here after all—just as my mother said you would be.”

“What meanest thou—who was thy mother?” said the Governor sharply.

"She was one of the Lost Colony, and she sent me to thee, telling me that I would be cared for by the white men."

"The Lost Colony!" The cry came from everyone. Hope exulted in the voices of many who had had friends in that fateful Colony of Roanoke; pain and sorrow and bitterness tempered the cry with other meanings. The boy was no longer a lonely figure facing them. He was surrounded by women who wept openly and men who questioned him in hoarse eager voices. He told his story as well as he could. But he remembered so little it was a tantalizing mystery to the men of Jamestown.

"'Tis hard to tell thee all," he sighed, frowning thoughtfully. "There is first the tale of my mother and father who came with others from England to the Colony of Roanoke. As soon as I was old enough to understand the story, my father told it to me. How the days at Roanoke passed happily at first until all the food was gone and the Englishmen knew not how to find more. How many died and at last the few that remained chose certain of their number to return to England for help. Those who remained at Roanoke waited until their food was gone and many of their people were dead. Then there came to them a tribe of Indians called the

Hatteras who said if the English women would become the wives of the redmen, all the Colony would be saved.

“My father and mother refused to go with the Hatteras, wishing rather to die than to give each other up. They escaped to the woods and one day a wise old Indian named Parahunt found them, nearly dead from hunger. My mother had golden hair and the tribe of Parahunt worshipped the sun god above any other god. The great chief thought my mother was a messenger from the sun god and he cared for my father and mother as if they were gods themselves. When I was born, Parahunt thought that I was the sun god’s gift, given in gratitude for the mercy shown my parents. Always have I been treated with kindness, but never have I been allowed to hear the true names of my parents and always I have been kept away from English people in Virginia. At last I ran away to find you,” he ended simply.

“But there were Indians with thee. My little daughter saw them,” said Sir Ferdinand in a puzzled voice.

“Aye, I could not escape them. They followed me, but they feared me and dared not keep me from doing as I wished. We saw the great ships land

and watched from our hiding place in the woods. A little girl came into the forest to play, and scarce an hour ago this young boy stumbled upon me in the thickets. He talked to me, and asked me to come here with him. Then came that strange sound like the singing of birds from a treetop that made the Indians fly in fear. They told me it was the voice of the white man's god, but I am a white man, so I knew it could not harm me and I came to thee."

Out of the confusion came the laughing voice of Mistress Nancy Wainman.

"Thou art a monkey, a true monkey, little boy. And even if thy name be Miles, I shall call thee monkey."

The people turned to see what strange sight had caused Mistress Wainman to speak in so unseemly a manner. They saw the pert face of little Miles disappearing from the open door of the Governor's House. He was inside!

In the gasp of shocked surprise that followed, few heard the quick orders from Lord Delaware. But in scarce a second the Governor, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir Ferdinand Wainman were in the door, while Gabriel Hooker with as much skill and slyness as his small son, climbed through the open window of the study.

"Hast thou touched anything here?" came the

stern voice of Lord Delaware through the window. "Let me see thy hands."

"Nay, nay, he but plays, your lordship," came the wheedling voice of Gabriel Hooker.

"Canst thou not teach him what to do and what not to do? Canst thou not tell him that this is the Governor's house and that no one may enter here?" shouted Lord Delaware.

"Aye, your honor, he will not enter again. Say that thou art sorry, lad," said the father hurriedly.

Instead, to the horror of the god-fearing citizens outside who looked upon the Governor as they looked upon the King himself, the small boy scrambled out of the window and ran off defiantly toward the rude house at the end of the village where he and his father stayed.

Nancy watched him go wistfully. It had all been her fault. It was she who had called attention to his climbing like a monkey up the side of the log house and dropping off the roof to the entrance of the front door. Now he would be punished. She saw the new boy called Dale swept off to the house of Master William Strachey, the man who her father had told her wrote down whatever happened in Virginia. Left alone, she wandered toward Lord Delaware's house to get Arabella, who must be fearfully sick and tired of sitting alone on the corner

of the chart the others had left. She tiptoed in and just as she took Arabella in her arms, she heard her father say in an excited voice,

"But the corner of the chart is gone. 'Tis not important, Master Hooker, that it should be gone, for the map is only the map of the village of Jamestown. That, any one can see by using his own eyes, but the taking of it is important, Master Hooker."

"Aye, thou hast used thy son as a blind, and in reaching him first, by climbing through the window thou hadst time to snatch at the map. I know not what good it can do thee, but thy spying cannot go unpunished," said Lord Delaware sternly.

"But, Lord Delaware," interrupted Nancy demurely, "perchance this is the paper thou seekest."

They turned and looked at her with amazement, for the first time realizing her presence in the room.

"How didst thou chance upon it, Nance?" said her father with a worried glance at the Governor.

"Why, 'twas before we rang the church bell, and your lordship thought thou sawest someone at the window. Thou rememberest running past me and nearly knocking me from my seat on the table. Well, my skirt caught on the chart and tore the corner off. I have kept it for thee here in my apron pocket ever since."

The silence in the room was broken by the gentle

chuckling of Sir Thomas Gates as he watched the little girl hand the torn paper to Lord Delaware with the utmost dignity, and without a glance at any of them, go forth from the room, rocking Arabella and singing a lullaby.

"The maid has cleared thee, certainly," Lord Delaware said crossly. "But thou wilt be watched, and watched untiringly. See that thou keepest the child away from this house or thou wilt hear more from me."

Outside the door a small figure stood and her sharp little ears caught all that was said.

"So I cleared him, did I," Nancy mused. She looked long and earnestly at Arabella. She hugged her closely and questioned the round black eyes. "But I'm wondering, Arabella, just how it was *thou* happened to be holding that piece of torn chart in *thy* apron pocket." There was a long silence in which Arabella volunteered no answer. Nancy smiled and whispered laughingly, "Governors aren't so very clever; he didn't even notice that the torn corner was not where I was sitting at all, but was your own corner, Arabella. Whoever tore it, I'm sure it wasn't thee."

The excitement of that day did not die away at once. There were so few happenings at Jamestown, that any of the least significant took on a

most important bearing. Miles Hooker was forced to stay inside his house all day for punishment. His face looked pale as he peered out at the children playing in the sunlight, and his great eyes were brooding and sorrowful instead of filled with defiance.

Each day Nancy walked to the far end of the town that she might wave her hand shyly at the small prisoner inside. He never smiled at her, but after her second visit he began to do little tricks to amuse her. He made odd clucking sounds like a hen that seemed to come from beneath Nancy's ruffled skirts. He recited the strangest speeches, full of big and even foreign words. And Nancy was not the only listener. She turned one day to see the tall, fair-haired newcomer watching with rapt attention the boy-actor at the window.

"He talks like my father did; I remember his saying that very line,

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine.'"

"My name is Nancy," said Mistress Wainman, displeased by the boy's neglect.

"'Nancy,'—'tis a nice name," Dale said slowly, and wonderingly the little girl heard him say it over and over as if its sound pleased him.

"What is thy other name, besides Dale?" she asked him curiously.

"Ah, that I do not know, Nancy. It was lost when my mother died. I *must* have heard it," he said passionately, "but I cannot remember, so I am just Dale."

"But that's a nice name," smiled Nancy tenderly, and then forgetting the moment's sadness she broke into happy laughter at the tricks of young Miles at the window.

And then came Sunday again. Now the halberdiers of Lord Delaware wore their flaming coats of red, and Lord Delaware looked like the King himself in fur and gold, sitting on the throne, inside the church, that had cushions of green velvet. Long before it was time to go to church, the bells began tolling.

"'Tis too bad, Nancy, that little Miles Hooker cannot join in what pleases him so much," said Sir Ferdinand.

"Father, thou dost not mean that he cannot see the parade? Why he has been punished enough; he has stayed inside the house all week and has grown quite pale and sad. Do something about it, Father, do something." Nancy stamped her foot in impatience.

“Nancy, thy behavior grievest me,” said the man with quiet eyes surveying his tempestuous young daughter sadly. “Miles Hooker may mean more mischief than we think. His father may be a spy and an enemy of your King and Governor. The little lad must have his misdeed impressed upon him so he will not grow more daring. To-day Lord Delaware has a message of special import to make to the colonists. ’Tis just as well that this unmannerly child be not there. He has not yet learned to seal his lips.”

Nancy turned her bright eyes to her father’s face and whispered in his ear something that was secret and only for him, but that made him happy, for his own face lighted and he said, “Of course I forgive thee, and now let us get thee into thy Sunday frock and me into my uniform before the church bell rings its last warning.”

The Governor’s house had in it beside Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Ferdinand, Lord Delaware, his nephew William West, and Nancy, three servants. One of these was a youngish woman, as wide as she was long, whose face was so round that Nancy thought at first she had a permanent toothache. She was called Bridget and it was her task to take care of little Mistress Wainman, the only lady of any importance in this house.

"Every ruffle be set now, dearie, so have a care," the woman declared as Nancy struggled into the crisp dress that was for Sundays only. At last the red curls emerged and Nancy stood with her arms outstretched, afraid to rest them against the lovely skirt.

"Be it a blue ribbon, or a red one, or—"

"Yellow," said the small maid, remembering that Dale thought yellow was a wonderful color because it was the sun's color, and the sun was the god that had saved his mother from the Indians.

"Your hair is in a great tangle," lamented Bridget, as her young charge wriggled and even wept a few tears while the bright curls were being made on the woman's plump fingers.

At last she was ready. Each curl was a moist, stiff tube that you could put your finger in. Across the top of the shining head, a narrow golden ribbon shone. The white dress stood out stiffly like a snowy tree.

"I cannot take thee, Arabella," she said excitedly. "Lord Delaware has decreed that on Sundays all the colony shall dress up and thou hast only thy play dress on. Never mind, thou shalt hear the band play. That's all that Miles can do. But Dale will tell him all about it and I'll tell thee."

Then Sir Ferdinand Wainman, Admiral of the

Ordinance and the Horse, came to get his little daughter.

"Oh, oh!" shrieked Nancy, touching his shining uniform, "but thou dost not look at all like a father now. Thou lookest like a knight, a real story-book knight!"

"But I *am* thy father," said Sir Ferdinand, kissing her tenderly.

But in the church, the little girl wished that they were all ordinary folk again, instead of splendidly dressed people who might be of the Court of London town. She grew very tired of sitting there on the stiff, slippery seat. And there were real penalties against nodding one's head. She looked at the gay and lovely colors outside the pointed windows, vivid sky and trees of such a greenness, and here and there flashing birds, far brighter than those in England's hedges.

Inside there was much to look at too, but she had looked so long she knew it all by heart,—good Dr. Bohun with his round, hairless head shining like a moon; Lord Delaware who always looked as if his jaws were clenched beneath his silky brown beard and whose face was far too red to be nice looking; his nephew, Captain William West who was so proud of being a captain he wasn't much fun as a

playmate; Sir Thomas Gates, whose gray eyes were wistful because he was remembering his children far away in happy England,—Margaret and Mary, who liked to go to parties, Elizabeth, a little girl like Nancy herself, Thomas, a tall, handsome boy who wanted to be a soldier, and Anthony, who wrote poetry that all the children laughed about but that sometimes pleased his father.

She looked at the back of the church where sat the people who could not wear beautiful clothes because they had none. There was Bridget, her chin resting on her neck and her eyes nearly closed. Nancy nearly whispered to her in warning. How dreadful if poor Bridget had a penalty given her,—and she *would* go to sleep if someone didn't warn her.

A detaining hand kept the little girl from turning completely around in her seat. She looked into the pleasant face of Dale, who sat behind her. His grave eyes smiled at her and she turned back again to face the droning minister.

Once they sang a hymn, and she joined in gladly. It was like shouting after too long a silence. She put her suppressed laughter and tears all into the loud melody, and no one heard her because everyone else was breaking his own silence too. She

met her father's kind eyes, and held her head up proudly so that he would be glad she was his little girl.

Now would come the prayer and that would be all. She was certain, because she had been going to church ever since she was five and she knew the service like a book. So, to her amazement and anger, before the prayer came something most unexpected. She was almost too indignant to listen. It wasn't fair, when you'd been good through the whole service, to have it suddenly made longer. It was Lord Delaware who began to speak. She disliked him even if he were the Governor, disliked his pompous ways and his taking the Sunday service to talk to them. And then, something gave way within her. She sat up very straight and listened very hard. She was Nancy Wainman, a true subject of his Majesty the King, and what Lord Delaware was saying was the King's business.

Suddenly something stirred in the great tree outside the pointed window. Her quick eye caught the white triangle of Miles Hooker's impish face. She drew a long breath of fear. He was listening to what Lord Delaware said when he was supposed to be locked up at home just so he couldn't hear. Should she cry out loud and tell the Governor to stop? She looked at the stern people around her

and was afraid. It would be better just to listen hard and to watch the mischievous boy closely. She shut her eyes tightly and promised herself in a little prayer that she would truly serve her King even if she got Miles into trouble.

After that she forgot everything, the green trees outside, the bald head of the good Doctor, Dale who must be a noble, so proud was his bearing, the high ceiling of the church with its rafters decked in flowers; and she listened with her heart and her keen young mind to the words of serious import that the new Governor of Jamestown brought to the Colony.

So entertaining was the news that Lord Delaware had that Sunday morning, the colonists forgot they had already listened to a sermon for two long, dreary hours. As the Governor spoke, they forgot the soft summer air, the sunlit trees—everything that made Virginia. They were swept into an amazing adventure by the little red-faced man. To each, came a vivid moment when he felt as if he had given a new oath of loyalty to his King. This was the news that made their hearts cry out for England.

“As yet there has been no accurate description of this newly-found country, its rivers, its ports, harbors, and position,” said the Governor. “The King

has at last ordered that such a map be made. Before I tell thee more of those who are to survey the land, I would mention two dangers that will beset them. One thou art all familiar with—the Indians whose craftiness we can never judge and the wild lands which they consider theirs, lands that are treacherous to us because of the mystery that surrounds them. The other danger is one that attends us all, whether we go with the brave men or whether we stay at home.”

Every man in the little church felt the thrill of the Governor's words, sensed that there was more here than there appeared to be. The women looked with quiet eyes at the fathers and brothers and husbands near them, and thought of war that might mow them all down like ripe wheat, thought of courage that no Englishman might deny, though it carried him out on the perilous sea or even back to England again. Nancy did not look like the other women. She was like a small boy, her dainty nose sniffing the air with eagerness, her eyes shining with longing.

“Let me tell thee something about this Virginia that thou hast come to call thy new home. It is the crowning star that each monarch of Europe seeks for his crown. Spain thinks it is hers, France wishes it were hers, and England,—it is not for us

to know what the King thinks. It is enough that he has sent us here and told us to begin a nation. Wise heads know that it is people, and not deeds on pieces of paper, or *wishes in King's hearts* that create ownership.

“And now that you are here it is only fair to tell you that spies will mingle among you from every nation, disguised as your own townspeople. Three years ago the Spanish King's ambassador, Zuñiga, told the King of England that Virginia was a part of the Spanish Indies and that it was against the Treaty of Peace that France and England had made with Spain for colonists to go to Virginia. The King of England answered him through the illustrious Lord Salisbury, saying ‘that if the English go where they may not go, let them be punished, and it seemeth as if they may not go to Virginia. Thus if evil befalls them it will not be on the King's account. But the King does not wish to do what the Spanish King asks him to do, namely, prevent their going and command those who are out there to return, and the reason of this is, because that would be acknowledging the King of Spain, Philip III, as Lord of all the Indies.’

“So the answer of our King was one that sayeth not ‘yes,’ nor yet ‘no,’ and he has wisely taken advantage of Spain's slow qualities of putting matters

off, and has let us continue to come here to these fertile lands. Spain has called us pirates after her gold. We are not interested in treasure of that sort, but in a greater treasure for England. Britain is a small island against the greater states on the Continent. It is for us to aid the King in gaining land all over the world, that the little island may stand."

Now the eyes of all the listeners turned to the flag above the Governor's head. It was as if they were in England itself where the flags flew in the wind all day before their eyes, and where the King was never quite forgotten. In London there was the castle, and distant bands proclaiming his approach when he went forth in his rich carriage. Here in Virginia they caught an echo of it all—the clever Spanish ambassador spying for his King—the aloof Majesty of England answering in riddles.

Then it was that Lord Delaware called Sir Thomas Gates to the altar and himself retreated to let the older man and retired Governor speak. Perhaps the impatient newcomer had felt the gentle spirit of Sir Thomas Gates and had seen that the colonists loved him dearly. Thus, it so happened that the sternest words of the day were left for the kindly gray-haired man who had suffered so much for Virginia.



*"Every fold be set now, dearie, so have a care,"
the woman said.*

“Whereas before, my comrades, men who came to this country needed only a brave heart to make them welcome here, now they must have an honorable one as well. Reliable officers and townsfolk are wanted here to guard every act of the Colony and to hold safely all information with an oath-bound secrecy. Anything that may fall into your hands, whether by intent or accident must be kept from the hands of others unless by the order of his Majesty’s Privy Council or the Council of Virginia you are told to do otherwise.

“And now may our prayers go with those brave men that we have chosen to go into the wilds of Virginia to make the King’s map. It shall not be positively stated to whom this honor belongs. Suffice it to say that the London Company of Virginia has employed the most competent surveyors. Robert Tyndall, Captain Powell, men whose fame thou hast heard of before, will be there, and the youngest of the crew we have chosen this very day—the fair-haired child of the Lost Colony of Roanoke, young Dale, who has known the Indians and their country as his own people and his own country from babyhood. Jamestown needs him even as he needed us, for we cannot parley with the Indians and find our way through the impenetrable forest as this boy can. Let us give our blessing.”

Nancy nearly jumped from her seat with surprise and envy. Why—he was only a boy! Imagine being allowed to sleep out in the woods all night, and carry a gun, and meet the silent red men! She screwed her small head around until her curls faced the front, she was so eager to see if he were pleased. He didn't look it—very. His blue eyes smiled back at her, and his cheeks were slightly flushed, but even to Nancy's young eyes he looked like the young men at home in England who wore uniforms and never let themselves get excited about anything lest they might seem less manly.

At last she was free. Outside the church, she longed to fly over the soft earth. Instead, she held her head high that she might not even look at her toes that felt so cramped in her Sunday slippers. Her hands were so hot and moist they stuck to the embroidery on her dress. She thought her father would *never* come. At last the red-cloaked halberdiers dispersed. The small maiden walked home with the Governor, Lord Delaware, the retired Governor, Sir Thomas Gates, and the Admiral of the Ordnance and Horse, her own father. The eyes of the Colony followed the strange quartette, and the eyes of more than one dwelt upon Nancy longest of all—Nancy with red curls and ruffles and sunny

ribbons—and little did they dream that in her heart she was wishing she were a boy.





CHAPTER FOUR

THE KING'S BUSINESS

IN another part of the Colony the young boy whom Nancy envied so heartily was surrounded by stern-faced men who plied him with questions and burdened him with directions. He longed to be by himself for a moment to reason matters out in his own heart. If they expected him to betray the Indians who had been kind to him for a lifetime, he didn't think he wanted to go with the explorers. It made him miserable to hear them joking lightly about the redskins.

"I shall wear a fur cap so that they may scalp it and never be the wiser," laughed one young man, rumpling his fair hair ruefully.

"Perchance the younger sister of Pocahontas will rescue me and I will be as lucky as the gallant Captain John Smith," smiled Captain William West, rolling his romantic dark eyes and affecting much grace in his bearing.

"I say thee, the Indians are just like us," Dale broke in hotly, unable to stand the mockery any

longer. "If we treat them as friends they will be our friends, but if we go skulking about in their woods with great guns on our shoulders of course they will bring out their arrows."

The younger men of the group eyed the fourteen-year-old with scorn and amusement. None had yet realized the intimate knowledge Dale had of the red man. He had been, besides their fair-haired god, the loving playmate of the little Indian boys. He knew the way these silent brooding men of the forest thought. He saw how they suffered without crying out. In the few days he had been at Jamestown he had already felt the contrast between the white man's easily shown emotions and the red man's mysterious undercurrents of feeling. Which was more noble? Which did he want for himself?

Then one of the older men, Captain Powell—a famous surveyor, came to his rescue, saying "Laugh not at the boy. We need his help more than any of yours, for of what good are the surveyor and his compass, staff, and chain, if he walks blindly into bays that have no openings, swamps with treacherous depths, and the very chosen spots of Indian tribes? And boy, mistake not our meaning. We do not wish the red man any harm. But a day will come when other nations will invade this land, perhaps less peaceably. 'Tis best for thee to take thy

father's people into the land of thy adopted father's so that neither may harm each other. And fortify thine own heart with the thought that has strengthened English boys in moments of danger at all times, in all places—it is the King's business!"

Dale forgot his reluctance after that. There was always that magic phrase to say to himself, "It is the King's business I am upon." The King—as yet a vague figure in his mind that was so unaccustomed to the things that other English boys took for granted. The King—the first romance that had touched his serious young life, carrying with it the symbols of royalty that Lord Delaware had brought out from England—gay colors, music, guardsmen, and the waving flag. He thought of it day and night while preparations were being made for the secret departure of the little group chosen to survey Virginia and draw for the King a map of the unknown rivers and lands there.

In the meantime he had been told to play with the children of the Colony just as usual, and to say nothing of the journey. This was not at all hard, for as yet he did not know himself. He continued to live with Master William Strachey, the Secretary and Recorder of the Colony. Mistress Anne cooked them wonderful meals, and sometimes Dale taught her ways to cook the grain in the Indians' style.

At night he and Master William talked like two old men by the fire—of everything each of them could remember about their childhood; and each had a hard time remembering, for Dale's childhood was like a dream and Master Williams' was half a lifetime away. Then when Dale was tired he went to bed, but Master William burned the candle long into the night while his quill pen moved swiftly over the parchment-leaved books that held his records, as he retold the curious story of the boy that had been saved from Roanoke.

Dale felt himself quite a man in those days of beginning life anew as an English boy. But he had not forgotten the red men. Once he had thought he saw an Indian peering through the bushes of William Strachey's garden. Then his heart had beat swiftly and painfully and he was a small boy again, badly frightened. But he had told no one about the intruder. He didn't quite know why; perhaps he was still loyal to the red men. He knew that he wanted to be, but he didn't want to go back to their home again to live. He wondered if they would still treat him like a god, or if they had realized at last he was only a little English boy who happened to have golden hair.

It was the end of the hottest day they had had. Nearly everyone in Jamestown had been cross at

one time or another by late afternoon and voices had buzzed as angrily as the countless humming insects that filled the air and tormented the children at their play.

Master Strachey had spoken sharply to Mistress Anne because she was serving them too many dainties, and she had sat all through dinner with tears in her kind eyes. Dale felt very sorry for her, especially since he had eaten the dainties with such pleasure.

When evening came, the intense heat gave a little and the sky was lit with fitful lightning.

"In for a storm to clear the air, I guess," said Master Strachey gloomily.

No one answered him. They all looked out at the dark sky and the black murmuring forest. Low ominous thunder rolled in the distance and the wind in the trees began a restless, excited, swishing sound that unnerved the steadiest and drove the sensitive off to bed.

Mistress Anne was one of the latter. She clasped and unclasped her hands many times, and rolled her kerchief into a moist little ball. At last she bowed low before Master Strachey and said with a quaver in her usually controlled voice:

"I've a slight headache, Uncle. I think I'll retire if there is nought thou wishest of me."

"Pull the shutters tight," the old man said as she left them.

Finally there was only Dale left, Dale who did not wish to sleep because he loved nothing better than the noise and flashing glory of a storm.

"Good night, boy," said Master Strachey. "Do not sit here long. The chill has come into the air, and after a day of such heat as we have had it cannot be good for thee to grow suddenly cool again. Off to bed, now, before thou fallest asleep in thy chair."

"Good night, sir, I will," Dale answered, but there was little danger of his falling asleep. His eyes were on swaying tree tops and his ears were strained to hear the hooting of the screech owls and the ugly croaking of the bullfrogs. Often the night was more real to him than the day. It brought back more vividly the things that had been familiar to him before he came to Jamestown. He heard the sweet, half-frightened evening song of the wood thrush—*hi willy willy, ha willy willy, o willy o*—and the *de-de-de* of the chickadees, startled from sleep by the bright flashes in the sky.

Suddenly he sat even more motionless than before, if that were possible. He let his body relax as the Indians had taught him, and he listened with their ears, for so he thought of his own that had

been trained by them. Someone was coming along the path from the main road about forty paces away. Whoever it was was trying hard to approach the house silently, and perchance if the listener inside had not been trained so well he would not have heard anything. As it was, Dale's ear caught the faintest snapping of twigs, the kicking of a loose pebble, the man's stifled breathing. With a smile on his grave face and mischief in his eyes, the boy stood up. He moved with grace and silence to the doorway and went out into the night.

The night was fragrant, as if the flowers that had drooped all day were breathing forth their sweetness again in the cool air. The earth was waiting for the rain. The forest rustled and sighed.

For a moment Dale saw nothing, but to the boy who had heard these sounds all his life, each stood forth with striking individuality. When the rain fell, when the waves on the beach rolled higher on the shore, when the man who approached the house stumbled in the garden—each sound had a peculiar delicacy in the silence, so that the night no longer seemed silent. Then his eyes recognized the shadows and he moved forward easily until he was so close to the dark figure he could see it was no one more formidable than Robert Tyndall, the King's surveyor and a very clever young man.

The boy, with a swift movement, covered Robert Tyndall's mouth with one hand and tweaked his handsome nose with the other. How the fellow started! How he struggled and would have cried for help had not the folds of cloth interfered! At last Dale considered him punished enough.

"'Tis I, Dale," he whispered. "I saw that thou wert looking for me so I came forth to meet thee."

"Thou sawest me!" Robert Tyndall was too surprised to protest at the rough play he had received at the other's hands. "But 'twas dark as pitch in the garden."

"I saw thee first with mine ears—the Indians' way," chuckled Dale. "And then, after I came out on the steps and went into the garden to meet thee, 'twas easy to tell thy shadow from that of the azalea bush, or the pear tree, or the grape vine, or yon bench."

"Stop, thou art a veritable wizard," breathed the young surveyor. "Why, didst thou truly come out of the house while I was coming toward it? I should have sworn that everyone within slept save perchance someone in the rear who still sat with the candle burning. But enough of my surprise. I have come to take thee out in the storm. This night has been decided upon by the Governor for the de-

parture of those of us who go about the King's business."

"I am ready to go," said Dale, and the quietness of his voice did not tell the other how fast his heart beat with delight. "Is there anything I should have with me? Should I not tell Master Strachey where I am going?"

"Nothing. Captain Powell has the trip in charge and has made all provisions for us, and Lord Delaware himself told me to tell thee not to worry about slipping away like a runaway. He will inform Master Strachey in the morning where thou hast gone. Captain William West and a few others will accompany us, partly to look for gold and partly to strengthen our party. Come now, follow me back to the others and soon the lot of us will be following thee, my lad."

Stealing through the streets of Jamestown like thieves in the night, they were met here and there by dark shapes who followed them without words or directions. All seemed to know what to do and where to go. Not a word was said until a shallop was launched.

"Thy part is coming, Dale," a kindly voice whispered in the boy's ear. "Now thou must simply keep quiet until we are out of hearing of the town.

We do not fear Indians or wild beasts or bottomless swamps when we are on the river."

"How far up the river are we going before we take to the shore again?" Dale whispered back.

"Far enough for thee to sleep a little if thou canst," came the answer.

But for the second time that night the boy did not sleep when he was told to. He lay in the bottom of the boat and let the rain fall softly on his unprotected head. It was a warm, pleasant rain, fragrant with earthiness. He looked back at the palisade, and then his eyes gladly sought again the winding river ahead, banked on both sides by dark masses of sighing trees.

A mile of shining water—another—and another. The storm increased in violence and the men from England shivered at the blinding yellow streaks of lightning. Only Dale sat up very straight and heard with a sharp sense of pleasure the loud thunder.

"We had best take to the shore," Captain Powell's voice cried above the noise of the storm.

Swiftly the little shallop was turned toward the dark banks, and soon the men had pulled the boat over on its side and hidden all their provisions under it. Then they looked to Dale to see how to keep themselves dry.

"We must go further inland," said the boy,

"where the forest is dense enough to keep out some of this wetness."

Then he strode forward into a thicket of young bushes, and instead of going around it, plunged into it like a savage, going through it in a straight line, bending down, pushing aside the branches that were toughly pliable. The others followed him awkwardly, nearly blinding themselves with the sudden onslaught of branches swinging back into place, and all emerged into a kind of arena arched over by tall trees with luxuriant foliage, their coats ripped, their hands scratched, and their eyes filled with cobwebs.

"The first thing ye need," said Dale surveying the group of older men coolly, "is some idea of how to travel in a forest. Plunge straightway into the foliage and take hold of the tough boughs."

"'Tis far worse than fighting the Indians themselves," sighed young William West, surveying his scratches by the intermittent flashes of lightning.

"Try to sleep," soothed Captain Powell. "Our journey is but begun and the storm may delay us until morning."

"Sleep!" echoed Robert Tyndall in a mournful voice. "Why I can't think of anything except wild animals and getting lost. I never go forth to draw a map that I don't suffer all the fears of an ex-

plorer and all the horrors of a hunter," he shivered unhappily.

"I for one cannot sleep this night, I'll warrant," said Cobb, a boy who had mockingly laughed at the thought of Indians a few days before.

Dale did not sympathize with them. He found dry places that they might lie down without fear of pains in their bones the next day. Like a sentinel he watched the storm, and at last they heard him say cheerfully,

"It's going away now, and the new day will be fine."

And it was as he said this time; soon they found out it was always as he said. Bright sunny days, or heavy gray ones, white moonlight or shifting fogs, the boy knew every mood of nature before it was expressed.

There was always the map to guard, to work upon, and to watch with increasing pride as the days and nights passed by. In order to show the proper relation in the size and position of Virginia, Robert Tyndall had carefully sketched in the rest of the Americas, as far north as the Bay of St. Lawrence, which embodied besides the surveys of Champlain and other foreigners, the English surveys of White, Gosnold, Weymouth, Pring, Hudson, Argall and others.

Up and down the rivers that emptied into the great Chesapeake Bay they went—the James, York, Rappahannock, Potomac, Patuxent. The strangest changes in the landscape passed before their eyes. Here there were rocks of silvery blue, and marble and crystal shimmered like jeweled crowns in the sun. In the southernmost part there were no rocks at all, only low sandy soil without even the white dunes found around Cape Henry.

Dale carried them along, sometimes by the sheer joyousness of his youth, sometimes by his unconquerable courage born of his life among the stern and heavy-eyed red men. He bathed their scratched limbs in magic lotions which he had learned from squatting medicine men. He made them laugh by teaching them odd-sounding Indian words.

“Now shalt thou listen, and I’ll improve thee a bit,” he would say mischievously. “The frying pan is called *ampkone*, which must not be confused with thy tobacco pipe which is named *apokan*. Thy bed is *cawwaivwh*—”

“Oh, faith, be still; it cannot be said,” moaned Robert Tyndall, twisting his tongue about in an honest effort to copy the boy’s smooth sonorous voice.

“Try this one, ’tis easier,” answered Dale in

seeming sympathy but with laughing lights in his eyes, "This one, Master Tyndall, faith, couldn't be easier—*vtchepwoissuma!*"

They rocked with merriment at the expression on the face of Master Tyndall who had been expecting a one-syllable word not entirely composed of the end of the alphabet.

"What does it mean?" he whispered in awe.

"The east where the sun god rises," smiled the wise boy.

Sometimes they were serious, on moonlit nights when the fragrance of the plants and flowers almost overpowered them—sleeping flowers calling them to drowsiness. In the treacherous swamps the hum of insects became more than a haunting persistent call and changed into a sinister confusion that made their minds race forward toward madness. They stood listening against their will, breathing in the rich aromas, looking at the shiny mud that would suck them down into bottomless earth if they stepped forward. What if they had not had Dale with them? They shivered when they thought of it. He knew when the swamps were ahead; he knew where it was safe to travel when they reached them.

He taught them the Indian custom of leaving an inscription on the trees they passed, and a young

man named John Beadle sent them into loud laughter when he pinned a dead beetle to a white birch tree. They were taught to eat black walnuts and bitter little crab apples. He showed them how to catch fish quickly and to cook them into delicate brown crispness over the fire.

The time came when they approached the lands where Dale's foster father lived. He grew more and more silent each day, laughed less at the awkward woodcraft of his fellows, and seemed not to care whether he ate or not. The night before they reached the familiar encampment, he could bear it no longer. He rose suddenly from the cozy circle by the camp fire and strode off into the dark woods, lit only by the bright nervous fireflies in the long grasses.

"Where do you suppose he has gone?" said Robert Tyndall, looking up from the drawing he was making by the light of the fire.

"I know not, but I like him better near," sighed young Cobb, with a nervous glance over his shoulders.

"Yea, I like him better near myself," Captain Powell said slowly. "I was especially warned against this district about the falls of the river. It were best for us to stay closely together this night. Tyndall, how far hast thou progressed? Thinkest

thou we might leave for Jamestown a day earlier than we had planned?"

Robert Tyndall's delicate hands paused a moment in their intricate task. His face looked white and tired in the firelight. Captain Powell withdrew his words before the young man answered.

"There, there, 'twas selfish of me to hurry thee. I should aid thee instead. Tell me at what point thou art and I will continue while thou sleepest a little."

"Besides we haven't found any gold yet, and uncle will be sorely disappointed," sighed young Captain William West.

"Nor will ever find any, I'll wager, no matter how long we stay," said John Beadle.

At length they all fell silent, some to sleep the heavy sleep of the weary-footed; others to gloom a little at their fate. Indeed the night was full of distrust and faint-heartedness. In the distance the falls boomed and roared continuously.

"I cannot think with that sound," Robert Tyndall cried impatiently, his frail body quivering with nervousness.

"There, sleep awhile, I understand how to go on myself," soothed Captain Powell.

"At least no one knows we are here yet," said Simon Skore, the sturdiest man in the little group,

a sailor by trade and equipped with a storehouse of adventures far more gruesome than this trip into Virginia.

"No, we were careful in our approach, and we have seen no one," answered Captain Powell thoughtfully.

Soon the moon came up, and the golden rays of the fire were an odd contrast to the milky glow that flooded the little glade where the colonists slept. Now came the shadows to add their mystery, and the hoot owl's mournful song to break the dirge of the falling waters of the river. And where the foam-tossed waves were dashing highest, Dale watched. All the glory of the woods and the sky and the beauty of freedom came back to him. For the first time the wayward thoughts in his mind came together and he faced them all. In stern array they stood accosting him.

Did he want to go back and live with the red men? Did he really care whether or not he became a white man with a white man's traditions and breeding? Would his mother have wanted him to leave this mystery and quietness for the comfort and ugliness that were Jamestown? He wondered if, when day came and they faced the Indians, he would have the courage to turn his back on them again, and start down the river with the surveyors

and their men. All night he stayed near the rushing waters, and when dawn came, a slow shifting of grayness into rose, he turned wearily toward the glade where he had left his friends the night before.

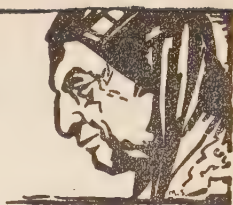
Something awoke them in the glade. They came from uneasy dreams and a long black night into a fresh beautiful dawn. But somehow there had been safety in the blackness that was gone from them. They saw each other so clearly—Robert Tyndall, pale and slender; Captain Powell, ruddy and unafraid; the well-bred young William West shivering as he shook the wet dew from his jacket; ugly, helpful Simon Skore walking in rolling sailor fashion to get the cramps out of his legs; John Beadle holding the hand of the boy, Cobb, as they helped each other rise from their damp couches.

This curious pantomime was suddenly as still as if its actors had been turned to stone. A rustling had come from over here, or was it there, beside Powell? No, near Simon Skore—everywhere—everywhere.

Savages crept forward, stealthy even after they were seen. There was one long moment of silence before the horror was realized, then out of the silence came a sighing, sobbing cry from the red men, "Whoo—whoo—whoop," like the whippoorwills lost in the forest.



CHAPTER FIVE



MESSENGER OF THE SUN GOD

IT was not easy to know what to do. Captain Powell's voice kept calling his men to order, telling them to submit that there might be no bloodshed. But the instinct to protect themselves was strong; after all, their guns would mean certain death wherever they were directed, and perhaps the noise would frighten the Indians away.

It was young Captain William West who disobeyed. Disregarding Powell entirely, though he was his superior on the trip, he hurled his knife recklessly into the group of Indians nearest him. The answer was instantaneous. Even as his blade struck the brown, greased chest of one of the red men, no less than ten arrows pierced the white man. A horrible death like stinging serpents pinning their fangs to him from his forehead to his legs!

His cry was at first the frightened whimper of a child, but when his friends reached him, his screams were the anguished screams of death. They looked down at him with disbelief, stunned beyond com-

prehension at what had happened to the Governor's nephew. Cobb began to cry and as Simon, the husky sailor, bent over to soothe him the two of them were pounced upon and carried into the thickets, choking with muffled screams of protest.

When the rest saw two of their comrades taken prisoners, all hope died in them. They were to be divided then among the thirsty red men, so that each Indian might surely be present at some one of their torturings. Strangely, not one of them thought of Dale. Perhaps it was because England was foremost in their minds and those who had come over from England on the ship with them. Captain Powell had whispered to them once more, "Stand silent and do not move unless I tell ye to." Their stiff, unnatural pose of stillness, almost as if they were trees rooted to the earth, surprised the red men into a momentary hesitation. They stared at each of the rigid white men with puzzled eyes. They touched Robert Tyndall's pale cheeks as if they thought he might have turned to stone. They drew their arrows and arched their bows and still the three remaining white men did not run for their lives.

It was the hardest thing they had ever done, each white man agreed afterward, to keep their tableau motionless, to face death unflinchingly without the

battle to the finish that, as English soldiers, they were accustomed to. But it was this unexpected pose that saved their lives. The Indians had felt puzzled; now, they were even vaguely frightened. What manner of enemy had they before them? They had understood what kind of man they had to deal with when William West hurled his knife and had sent him to his everlasting sleep immediately; they had learned to expect crying and so when Cobb began his boyish display of fear, they swept him and the man who happened to be near him off into the forest to be dealt with later.

But so far the three remaining men had done nothing they were expected to do. They had not touched the guns beside them, they had made no sound, and they had stood as if turned to stone, their eyes unseeing, their lips sealed. The bows quivered tautly as each Indian waited for the signal from the leader that meant death to the three still figures. But the leader hesitated and during that moment of hesitation the miracle happened.

Gray dawn had turned to smoky rosiness a short time before, and now suddenly the sun came out of the last night cloud that had lingered near the horizon line. At once the Indians all dropped to the earth and with eyes and hands uplifted began strange muttering sounds which the white men took

to be prayers to the sun. A slim brown youth scattered tobacco in a circle and the Indians began running around within its bounds murmuring and gesticulating in a deeply earnest manner.

"Stay as thou art," came the brave, encouraging voice of Captain Powell.

"We haven't a chance though," murmured Robert Tyndall despairingly.

Round and round, and slower and slower went the worshipping red men. Now the sun was more golden each moment and the song to it was a high wild melody. How unlike the white man's songs of worship, the deep fervent psalms sung in the little chapel at Jamestown just as they were sung in hundreds of little chapels all over England. Now the pagan hymn was ending. Robert Tyndall had given up all pretense of being a stone image and had sunk his head in his open palms. John Beadle turned hopeless eyes upon his Captain, eyes that pleaded for what was in the young man's heart—a dash for liberty—an attack while the Indians were still chanting.

"Thou hast not a chance, boy," and then Captain Powell's quiet voice broke excitedly, "Look! Look! Thank heaven he has come."

It was Dale tearing down the side of the hill beyond the little glade, his face as white as death and

his golden hair shining in the sun. Almost at once he saw what had happened, saw the motionless body of the gay and reckless young nephew of the Governor of Jamestown lying on the ground dead. He shouted to the grotesque circle of trotting Indians something that made them come to a sudden halt and an immediate silence. When they saw who it was, they threw themselves upon the ground as they had done when the sun first came up. They lifted their hands and eyes to him, and listened breathlessly to what he had to say to them.

"What is he saying?" moaned Robert Tyndall. "Faith, I cannot bear the suspense much longer, Captain Powell. Thinkest thou we have a chance after all?"

"Yea, I am certain of it, more certain than I have ever been of anything in this life," smiled the strong Captain.

Tirelessly Dale's voice went on, a stirring, whipping voice that finally made the red men slink away in the forest with drooping heads. Until the last Indian passed from his sight, the yellow-haired boy stood there on the sunlit hill, power in every fibre of his slender body, nobility in his uplifted head, command in his voice. Then when they had gone, he broke into a half-sobbing murmur of English words. He ran to the white men and embraced

them passionately and knelt beside the young William West.

"I left ye when I was needed," he cried. "'Twas all mine own fault. Oh, will I ever be forgiven by all of them at home—good Master Strachey and the little girl called Nancy and the great Governor himself?"

At last Captain Powell convinced him that it was all no fault of his.

"We must do something about the boy Cobb and Simon Skore," said John Beadle.

"Aye. They are safe for the present though, Dale tells me," answered the Captain. "Thou seemed to put the fear of death into them, boy. What didst thou tell them?"

"Only what they themselves have so often said to me," sighed Dale. "That I was a messenger from the sun god. Thou knowest the Indians have great reverence and even fear of the sun god and worship him always at dawn and at sunset. It was their singing of the ceremony I recognized and—," here his voice quavered and his pale face flushed a little. "Oh, Captain Powell, I hate to go on, I am so ashamed of what I have to tell thee."

"Thou needst not worry; anything that thou hast to say to us will be understood, I am sure," said Robert Tyndall with unexpected sympathy.

"Well," continued Dale miserably, "when I crept away from thee last night it was because I had suddenly grown homesick for the Indians—Parahunt the wise old red man who used to make my days and nights happy with his wondrous tales—the boys my own age with whom I grew up and beside whom I learned to climb trees and who shot with me at the same targets for the same prizes. The woods and the night were soft and beautiful as you remember, and I felt all the magic of it, the charm of outdoor living and carefree singing days.

"I thought all night long, and when it began to be nearly dawn I had convinced myself that I would desert ye and send ye home down the river alone to-morrow with the finished map. And when I heard the song of the sun, something welled up inside me and I wanted to run and to throw my arms about the way I had been taught to do, and sing the wild pagan words with my whole heart. As soon as I came to the hilltop and saw their cruelty everything left me and I felt sadness and misery and disloyalty. Can you ever take me back and forgive me?" he pleaded, his rosy cheeks paling at the thought of joining the sly savages again.

"Certainly, and we will," smiled Captain Powell. "Thy story is very understandable, boy, and I am only glad that thou art going back to Jamestown

with a heart freed of any desire to run back to Parahunt and his brothers."

And now came almost the hardest task of all—to settle down to work on the map that they had come to put above all else—the map that one of them had died for.

"We must bury him in some safe place," said Robert Tyndall, looking sadly at his comrade's body.

"I will show thee where they buried my mother and father," Dale said suddenly as if a memory had come back to him from the furthest corners of his mind. "Yea, they are not near the mounds of the Indians' graves, and 'tis a spot of beauty and loneliness where Englishmen may lie together in peace."

"John and I will go with Dale and thou shalt stay here and finish the map," said Captain Powell. "It is quite safe now, and then we shall send Dale for the two prisoners so that we may start back tomorrow to Jamestown."

Slowly Robert Tyndall unrolled the great parchment after they left him. For many moments he stared at it unseeingly; the horrors of the last few hours came between him and the odd important little lines that made a blank parchment into a map. But soon the fascination began to return—the thrill of finding that his surveyings fitted into what his mind's eye told him should be there. He was an

artist as truly as any Flemish Van Dyck, a portrait painter who told his story with canvas and brush. This story was much more important than the curve of a lady's cheek, the smile of a madonna. It was real and people who lived in wild, new, dangerous America had come to love what was real, and to forget a little the imaginary treasures of heart and mind.

So the young man worked with feverish joy and found in his creation not the mere recording of what a compass said, not the mere outlining of boundaries upon parchment, but a treasure for the King, Virginia with her rushing silver rivers, her islands like bright gems, her snow-white dunes, her slopes covered with black firs; all of it was there in the little irregular lines covering the great parchment.

In the late afternoon, Captain Powell and Dale returned to the glade. The eyes of the older man were sad, and Dale seemed restless and unhappy. John Beadle was the first to look at the chart.

"Why, Robert, thou hast done wonders. We thought 'twould mean an extra day after the frightfulness of the morning."

"Yea, 'tis done," said the young artist, his dark eyes shining and his pale cheeks glowing.

"Finished! Why, boy, thou must have worked

ceaselessly," cried Captain Powell, coming nearer to see the map.

"I have a plan, if it should meet with thy approval," said Dale shyly. For the first time they noticed that the boy looked nervous and deeply troubled.

"What is it?" said Captain Powell.

"I am only afraid that thou wilt misunderstand," said Dale. "I think it best for the three of you to return this night to Jamestown. Ye should be able to get there in a little less than five days with three of you at work and no heavy load. It is just that I would like to make peace with my foster fathers before I leave. Please do not imagine I am thinking anything different than what I told you this morning. I shall never, never live with the Indians again, and I shall learn to be a true Englishman very soon now and live my life as other English boys do—for the King. But I am full of remembrances about this place. I should like to stay a little longer while it is the same. Men upon the King's business will change the wilderness into villages."

"Then thou wilt bring Cobb and Simon Skore with thee when thou returnest?" was all that Captain Powell said.

"Aye," answered Dale happily, for he understood

that the Captain had agreed to his plan. "I shall help you get started safely now, and as the moon is bright to-night, perchance, if you are as eager to reach home as I think you are, all of you can paddle hard most of the night."

Happily they busied themselves in making ready for departure. The provisions were almost gone, so that the load was far lighter than when they had left Jamestown a few weeks before. Strangely enough it was just at sundown that they launched the shallop and the distant song to the sun god floated over the hill as they left the little glade that had seen so much horror that early morning.

"The Indians would say it was some kind of an omen, I suppose," shivered Robert Tyndall nervously, as his tired mind lived again the picture of that other song to the sun god they had heard at dawn.

"A lucky omen, that we are going away from it," said Captain Powell reassuringly.

"Aye," young John Beadle agreed with a breath of relief.

Only Dale said nothing. He was waiting to see if the wild calling note, the imperious bidding, lived still in the sun god's hymn. He stood with a look of peace on his face as his friends turned the bend in the river. For he knew at last that he was strong

enough to follow them without sadness the next day. The song over the hilltop sounded to his ears like the unhallowed cries of wild beasts and instead of a longing to run toward it, was the longing to go to another people whose songs were deep and quiet chantings, sung in a house with a pointed door.

It was moonlight when he sought his Indian brothers. The old men looked at him with a mixture of fear and hostility, but the boys who had been his playmates greeted him gayly, filled with questions of his adventures, filled with stories of their own. Soon it was like a feast day, for the dark-haired Indian women loved the yellow-haired boy and brought forth savoury food to welcome him. They sang the hushing love songs that Dale loved, and the children whistled birdcalls in so real a fashion that Dale could hardly tell the songs were from human lips. And whenever he fell a little under the spell of it all, he was suddenly afraid. But always he remembered the still body they had buried that afternoon beside his white mother and father, and he knew that he could not stay here.

Late into the night they sat around the golden fire, and at last Parahunt himself came forth from his shelter and asked the boy to come aside with him as there were things to be said to each other alone. Dale followed the old chief with a young

heart fluttering with awe and nervousness. The boy knew that the old Indian was no common man. If he had been a white man he would have been the mind and fibre of which kings are made. In his youth he had been braver than any young man of his tribe. In his old age, he was wiser than any other gray head. Dale knew that no matter how noble a white man he should ever meet, Parahunt would be as noble.

They talked in the soft Indian tongue that Dale would never forget as long as he lived.

"Dost thou think as the white men do?" said Parahunt dreamily.

"Nay," said Dale, knowing at once what the old man meant. "Thou meanest about the moon and the river and things?" he ended helplessly, unable to put into words the poetry he had felt when he returned to the deep woods again.

"Dost thou still love the forest then?" said Parahunt.

"I think, perhaps, they love it too," Dale murmured.

"Nay, they cannot. They build ugly fortresses where there were tall, graceful trees; they mow down the horizon line until it is as low as the sea," cried Parahunt in anger.

"They want to have homes; they do not know

that the woods can be the best home of all," Dale said, with a worried glance at the old man.

"Let us not quarrel the little time that thou art here. Tell me,—thou feelest that thou must go back?"

It seemed to Dale's loving heart that there was wistfulness in the old man's voice. For a moment the old terror came that he would not be strong enough to withstand the memories, the friends he had here. But there were always his mother's words, "Do not become one of the red men," and now there was the still figure of William West.

"I think I must go," was all that he could say; then he dropped to his knees and buried his golden head in the Indian's hands.

"Thou art the sun god's earthly messenger," said Parahunt thoughtfully, "and whatever thou doest must be the right thing to do. We cannot stop thee, but since thy departure we have had sickness among us, and now come the white men. They will try to drive us away."

"Listen, Parahunt," Dale cried, his boyish voice happy with the discovery of a way out, "let me visit thee from time to time. Jamestown is not far away, and I will come back to see thee many, many times, I promise thee."

The old Indian smiled sadly at the young figure

near him. Whether he sighed or not may have been Dale's fancy, or the summer wind outside, or the dying fire. Whether Parahunt thought that he was old and that he would not be there for many, many, more times no one can know, but he did not protest the boy's decision.

At dawn the next day, two frightened prisoners were released. Simon Skore had one more tale to add to his long list of adventures. Cobb, the orphan boy and harum-scarum of the streets of London town, had seen a bit of life that he had never dreamed of before.

Parahunt gave them a boat and supplies for the five-day journey. Dale started down the river once more, but he did not leave in crafty silence this time. He watched until they passed the bend in the river. He stood up erectly so that they could see his golden hair, for he knew that that was why they loved him. He waved his hand as he had seen the English people at Jamestown do when people went out hunting or fishing. But no Indian raised a hand to answer him. They stood, as they had always stood, motionless, with arms folded and heads high watching the messenger of the sun god upon his departure.

"Well, so they be thy friends," said Simon Skore dryly.

Dale laughed merrily.

"Nay, do not be harsh with me, Simon. Thou beest my friend now." There was a shade of wistfulness in his voice, but he talked on bravely. "'Tis their craftiness that is hardest to forgive. For weeks they will not kill, but will praise the white man and offer him countless favors. And then there comes something like the sudden attack they made upon Captain West."

"Dost thou wish at all thou hadst never left them?" asked Cobb curiously.

"Nay, that I can answer truly," said Dale happily.

Swiftly the three paddled, and Dale told them he would not be surprised if they caught up with the others before Jamestown was reached. And perhaps they would have had not Simon Skore rebelled, saying he wished to be made something of a hero after the ordeal of remaining prisoner in the Indian camp. Dale laughed merrily at the vanity of the loose-limbed sailor, all bony shoulders and sharp joints, but finally gave in to the false hero's wish.

They slept the next night under the stars, moored to the branches of an overhanging tree, far enough from the bush to be saved from mosquitoes and countless humming insects. The water lapped against the boat and Simon Skore said that when

he shut his eyes he could think of himself in half a hundred places about the world, the blue Mediterranean, the coast of China, Africa where the jungles were so much more terrifying than the woods of Virginia, and the wind-swept inlets of the little island of Britain itself—home to all of them still.

“Think ye I shall ever see England?” sighed Dale.

“Aye, all colonists have to give up and go back *some time*,” shivered Cobb, thinking of the fevers and famines and massacres that had descended upon so many happy colonies in the last decade.

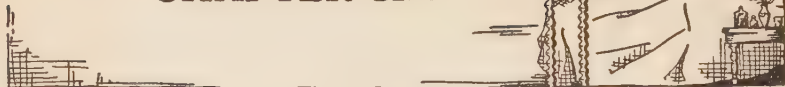
“’Tis the wrong answer thou makest,” scolded Simon Skore. “Dale will certainly look upon fair England some day, but not in defeat as thou hast suggested. We are learning better how to become colonists in the new land now. Even the King showeth himself mildly interested and the Companies that send us forth in ships know how many provisions we need, and how long we can stay here without a returning vessel to aid us. Hold up thy head, Cobb, and see that thou dost not talk of failure at Jamestown again.”

Dale’s heart had beat faster at the thought of the white men in danger. He was reassured by the cheery Simon for a little while, but after he heard the others deep in slumber, he lay awake under the pale stars. It was a damp, dreary night that prom-

ised rain before long. The boy's thoughts flashed from happy things to the sadness that he knew he would find at Jamestown on their return. The Lord Governor would feel that Dale had failed, for one of the little company, the Governor's own nephew, lay under the dark earth far up the river. Perhaps Dale would be in disgrace like Miles, the young imp who had been found climbing in and out of the Governor's house. Perhaps the little girl named Nancy would not be allowed to speak to him. He went to sleep, knowing that the next morning would bring them to Jamestown and that his unhappy thoughts would perhaps come true.



CHAPTER SIX



DARK DAYS AT JAMESTOWN

THE good doctor sighed as he quietly shut the door of the Governor's house. It was scarcely more than a month since the arrival of Lord Delaware, but already the settlement of Jamestown showed the touch of an interested hand. A hard beaten road ran through the center of the market place, and small well-defined paths cut into it from each house. It was nearly dusk and windows had begun to gleam with cheery candles newly lighted. Smoke curled from the chimneys and was lost in the impending gloom. It all might have been some little hamlet in merry England.

But more than one household was silent with grief or worry that summer night, and none knew this better than Dr. Bohun. His eyes were heavy with a weariness he could scarcely fight. He could not understand why over half the colony had been taken by the devastating fever that ended either in death or in such weakness that the sufferer lay helpless and ailing for months. Lord Delaware would

recover, for young blood ran in his veins; but little Nancy's father—Sir Ferdinand—the good doctor sighed again.

Inside the Governor's house, a distracted household ran at his bidding. All save Nancy, who did not stir from her father's side. She smoothed his hot head with her slim cool hands, gave him his medicines at the times Dr. Bohun had set, and tried to tempt him with the steaming broth that Bridget set before her. Often she heard Lord Delaware groaning and tossing in the other room and her pretty mouth curled scornfully. Even if he were a Governor, he couldn't be very brave. All her heart went out to her father who suffered in silence, with only his feverish brow and closed eyes to tell her of the pain.

But though she saw the difference in the two sick men, she was not old enough to read the meaning. She would not have been at all surprised to hear that Lord Delaware might die, surrounded as he was all day by worried men and quiet women who tried to soothe him; but never once did she think that her father who lay there so bravely would not get better.

"Father, let's live by ourselves when you get up," she whispered to him when his eyes opened to look at her tenderly.

"Shall we build us a mansion and call it Broxley Hall?" he teased her.

"Anyhow, our roof will not leak," she laughed back at him.

Sir Thomas Gates tried to make her go out and play, but she had little desire to go far from the house. She had found herself almost reliving the days after her mother's death, when she and her father did all they could to cheer each other. Somehow she felt that neither of them needed anyone else in all the world as much as they needed each other. So the color went out of her cheeks and good Bridget tried to make her drink broth at every meal, but she did not go away from the sick room.

"How soon dost thou think we shall have horses so that thy title Admiral of the Horse will have some sense?" the small maiden accused him.

"Sir Thomas Gates is to make the trip to England in July, as soon as the map-makers return, I believe, so perhaps he will tell the good King that the colonists had to kill the few poor remaining beasts that were here," her father answered. "It may be that thou canst ride when autumn comes, Nancy. Dost thou remember how to hold a canter and lend thyself to a trot, child?"

"As if I could forget, Father. Oh, but won't we be stiff after our first ride again?"

Never did Sir Ferdinand say that there might not be any more riding for him. Only good Dr. Bohun looked sometimes as if he wanted to tell Nancy something, but always, just as he was going to tell her, Sir Ferdinand would call or Sir Thomas Gates would say cheerily:

“Lord Delaware liketh not our climate and thinketh that being made Governor for life in Virginia is not so great an honor as he first believed.”

It was almost as if they did not want the child to know. Well, perhaps it was best that she should be happy as long as she could, the old doctor thought with a shake of his weary head and another sigh as he closed the door each day.

Sundays at the chapel were still the vivid affairs that Lord Delaware desired, with the red-coated halberdiers and the green velvet chair where Sir Thomas Gates sat in the real Governor's absence. Among the prayers for the King and her Majesty the Queen, were prayers for the sick colonists, especially the Lord Governor, and prayers for those brave men who had gone forth to search for gold and to make a map of Virginia.

This last was the brightest part in the whole long dreary ceremony for Nancy. When they talked of the King and Queen she felt homesick for Broxley Hall where the Prince had visited them once on his

way home from a hunt; but when they prayed for the sick a cold feeling came over her. She found herself holding her head high when some of the older women looked at her sympathetically, and she wondered why she felt hostile and lonely all at once. But even if she did feel that way, she remembered to pray and all the time she was saying the stiff formal words, she was thinking another prayer, "Make him get well, dear God," and her own thinking prayer sometimes soothed her a little.

But the map-makers and the explorers for gold! That was a different story that almost didn't belong in the little church at all. It was like the best adventure she had ever read, and Dale was like the heroes she had long worshipped—a Galahad, young and pure, a Robin Hood, as familiar with the forest as the soft-footed animals that dwelt there and as courageous a man as had ever lived. And the map itself! She had learned to regard it as a treasure chart, the kind that pirates wanted and good men must keep from them, the kind that men fought over and sailed the seven seas in search of.

Others thought of the map in much the same terms as did the little unschooled girl. And those who were true subjects of the King wished that no harm would come to the surveyors who created it and prayed that Sir Thomas Gates would be able to

take it safely to his Majesty when he sailed in the next few weeks. And there were some who thought other things about the map, and certain hearts beat more swiftly at the mention of it, and certain eyes were crafty and moist with greed. There was another King in the world, a Spanish King, and there was that which was known as *his* business too.

The days passed slowly for Nancy. Lord Delaware was better, not all better the doctor said, but well enough to get up and to interview his officials every day. Sir Ferdinand still lay, very white and motionless in the dark room, with Nancy chattering to him as she bathed his hot head. Sometimes she almost thought he was not listening to her, for she had so hard a time making him answer. No one had the courage to take her from his bedside, for he looked at them with eyes that were almost stern when they told her she must not talk too much lest she tire him.

"I shall ne'er grow tired of my Nancy," he reassured her cheerfully.

"The map-makers will soon be here," she gossiped with him happily. "Every hour someone runs to the shore and looks up the river."

"Would you like to go and look too?" her father said teasingly. "Come now, you would like to see young Dale return like a hero from the war."

"Nay, nay," she blushed, "I would like to stay right here and what care I for him anyhow? I would much rather play with little Miles, the bad son of the bad Gabriel Hooker; he is far less serious minded than Dale, and—and," she giggled in spite of herself at the teasing look in her father's eyes.

So Nancy did not see the first boatload of the surveyor's party approach. But there was not much doubt left in her mind as to what had happened when she heard the joyous shouts along the shore and the answering shouts from the water.

"May I go for but a moment, Father?" she begged.

"Of course, darling, and tell me about everything. Thou must not come back until thou hast seen and heard all there is so thou canst faithfully tell it to me."

A swift kiss and she was off. He heard her feet flying down the hall and the door slammed recklessly behind her. It was wonderful that she could sit so quietly when she was with him and soothe and rest his aching body. It was wonderful that all the life and vigor of her young self didn't spill over and make the walls echo with the boisterousness of her care-free heart.

He wondered if he would ever feel vigor again

instead of this odd, floating sensation. Quite as if his head were weighted to the pillow and the rest of him were not connected any more, he mused. He wouldn't mind dying if it were not for her, but what would she do? A feeling of fear made him toss restlessly. He dug his burning head into the pillow and from time to time tried to lift himself so that he could see if she were coming. At last he slept, but even in his dreams he cried "Nancy," fearfully, piteously.

Down on the shore, anxious eyes surveyed the incoming boat. Why were there only three men in it? What of the others? Who was missing? The questions were hurled back and forth, and so busy they all were that they forgot to continue their loud cheers. Nancy's heart felt the same cold feeling she suffered when they prayed for her sick father on Sundays. What had happened to Dale and the others? She and many more were trembling from head to foot as they saw Captain Powell, Robert Tyndall, and John Beadle set foot on land. Then they remembered it was a sorry welcome they were giving the brave men, and a faltering cheer arose that soon swelled to a loud welcome. A single sentence Captain Powell had for the colonists before he strode up the hill to the Governor's house.

"The others follow, friends, all save one. Captain William West lies buried at the falls of the James River."

Utter silence met his announcement. The Governor's own nephew! The gay, reckless young William who had been too much of a young man to play with Nancy and the other children. One of them had not come back. These and a hundred thoughts raced through their minds, as they went slowly back to their work.

Nancy hurried back to her father. Anyhow Dale was coming the next day and he would tell her all there was to tell. Sir Ferdinand slept heavily, groaning and tossing. Nancy gave one frightened glance at him, and ran for good Dr. Bohun whom she saw was still in the square talking with Robert Tyndall and John Beadle, who were waiting to be called into the Governor's presence.

"Dr. Bohun, I think thou hadst better give my father something to cool his brow, he tosses and sighs as he has never done before. Hurry, I am sure these brave gentlemen will excuse thee," she said, remembering her manners suddenly, and giving a jerky little curtsy that was more like a gay polka than a bow for politeness. The plump little doctor and the child went into the sick room together. For

the first time since her father's illness, Nancy hesitated.

"You go first," she said with a catch in her clear voice. "I'll wait."

In a few moments the Doctor came out to her, and said very gently,

"Nance, he has not long to live. Go to him and speak to him happily."

She did not cry at all, remembering how brave her father had been at Broxley Hall when her mother was so ill. He had told her then that he could not add to his wife's pain by grieving when he was near enough for her to see his sorrow.

"She must not know, Nancy, that she is dying, for strangely enough sick people often do not know," he had said to her.

Dr. Bohun followed the erect young child into the room again, closing the door softly behind him. There the two of them sat for many hours. Sir Ferdinand was not conscious, but from time to time he cried "Nancy" and always his little daughter's hand was there to touch his hand. And then, at the time of day, when dusk still clung a little to the bright sunset in the west, Nancy's tired head drooped lower and lower until her soft curls lay on her father's pillow. The good Doctor let them fall

asleep there together, knowing that when dawn came only one of them would awaken.

Old Bridget carried the sleeping child across the road to Master Strachey's house. Here Mistress Anne undressed the tired little girl and put her into the prettiest room in the house. So when Nancy awoke, she saw curtains of blue calico, a bowl of flaming flowers glowing in the sun, purple hooked rugs on the floor, and candlesticks of shining brass.

She knew at once that her father was dead; why else had she been taken away from him? It was hard to cry in the big silent room. She slipped out of bed and into her clothes in a flash. She washed her face very quickly from water in the blue china jug, and did not try to comb her tangled curls. Only Bridget could do it nicely, and she did not want to see even Bridget that morning. Quietly she went down the stairs and through the door without anyone's seeing her. It was still too early for many people to be at work, so she reached the rim of the dark woods without being called back. On and on until she came to a mossy spot with great overhanging trees that kept the sun away. It was not hard to cry here; all the fear and sorrow in her young heart were released.

"I say thee, what can the matter be?" came the mocking voice of little Miles. "Thou hast been

spanked I'll wager; but even then, thou shouldst not cry."

When Nancy lifted her head to see who it was, the little boy seemed to sense that her tears were not for any slight thing.

"What is it?" he said more gently, and put out his grimy little hand to push her bright hair out of her eyes.

"My father is dead," she said.

"Then you are an orphan," he whispered solemnly, "'tis a sad thing to be indeed."

He brought her his handkerchief soaked in the water from a brook near by and the more she wiped her eyes, the more he laughed, for the water was muddy and it streaked her face so that she looked like an Indian with war paint on. Finally he held her by the skirt and she dipped into the surface of the water and came out quite clean.

"I haven't seen you since the time you were being punished and had to stay inside all day," Nancy smiled, at last able to take her mind off the sadness of the night before. "And tell me one thing—why did you put the piece of chart you took in my doll Arabella's pocket? 'Tis something I have always wished to know."

"When they all chased me I got frightened and slipped it into the doll's pocket. I did it right before

all of them and they didn't even see. I learned that trick in London town when we made the pennies disappear."

"But it was very wicked of you to touch anything as important as a map," scolded Nancy. "Why, some maps are more valuable than all the treasures in the world, my father told me; thou knowest,—the kind of a map that Dale will bring back with him."

The little boy said not a word, but smiled a strange, sly smile that made Nancy wonder about him. He was a fine playmate, but she didn't think he'd been brought up very nicely.

All morning he stayed with her. When the tears welled again in her soft eyes, he would take her hand and race her through the thickly wooded forest, then suddenly leave her alone and call to her in a piping mimic, "Where am I, lovely dryad, where am I?" He was the strangest combination of learning and utter ignorance. He quoted continually from plays and poetry, but when she asked him if he had ever been to Broxley Hall or any of the other great estates outside of London, he only shook his head disinterestedly and asked her in turn if she knew Billingsgate Tavern. She sorrowfully shook her head and then challenged him again, "Dost thou

know King James and his son Charles? Charles, the very one that's Prince, once stopped at Broxley Hall!"

"Dost thou know Ben Jonson?" cried young Miles, his black eyes flashing with excitement. "Why, he even wrote a play about this Virginia, called 'Eastward Ho.' 'Tis full of lines that I can say by heart, —all lies, lies every one," he added sadly.

"What meanest thou—lies?" she asked.

"Oh, all about—well, list for yourself. He says such things as this about Virginia: 'I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as I can bring I'll have thrice weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans are pure gold; all their prisoners are fettered in gold, and for rubies and diamonds they go forth in holy days and gather 'em by the seashore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their children's caps.'"

"Oh," giggled Nancy, "'Tis certainly a lie."

"Aye, aren't they," sulked Miles. "And that was one thing that made my father and me come here because Ben Jonson, the most wonderful man in all London, said all those things about Virginia. My father says that all the maps in the world won't make treasures grow in this land."

"What funny things your father says," Nancy mused. "My father always said that Virginia was a treasure in itself."

"Well, I think that's a lot funnier than what my father says," Miles retorted.

"It must be lunch time and Bridget will be worried if I am not at home," Nancy said at last, and the two strangely assorted playmates ran happily back to Jamestown. But when they came to the village, Nancy remembered everything again. All the sadness came back, and when the people stared at her curiously, and when Mistress Anne called, "Nancy, thou frightened me, where didst thou go?" she nearly burst into tears right there in the market place where they all could see her. But she was still Mistress Wainman of Broxley Hall and her father's daughter. He would not want her to cry there in front of everyone. She curtsied quickly before Mistress Anne and murmured she was sorry, and then she dashed into the Governor's house, remembering just in time to catch the door so that it did not slam.

Dr. Bohun was inside and he took her into the room where her father had been when he was sick. She was glad that it was not Lord Delaware who greeted her. She knew he was kind, but she couldn't love him when he talked all day in a loud voice and

told the poor, tired men who worked with him that life in Virginia was no harder than in England if they lived good and steady lives. It *was* harder; even Nancy could see that.

"Nance, we have taken your father into the quiet of the forest and found the coolest, loveliest spot of all. When you wish to see it, I will take you there," the good doctor looked at her anxiously. He did not know whether she would cry and protest or "be good," for so his fatherly mind thought of children's behavior. She was good, for she thanked him sweetly and went about the room straightening it and making it as cheery as she could.

"Canst thou bear to be alone, child? There are others who are ill and I am needed," the doctor said. "Some I can save as I saved Lord Delaware by bleeding him, but others I can only soothe in their harsh pain."

"Of course, Dr. Bohun, I am all right now," she smiled.

After he was gone she lay there a long time on her father's bed. Bridget brought her some lunch that she didn't want, but after much coaxing from the plump lady she began to eat and found she was hungry after all. The afternoon was hot and she finally fell asleep, utterly exhausted from her active morning in the forest with young Miles. She awoke

in darkness with the lost feeling of not knowing where she was, whether it was the middle of the night or early dawn. Out of this curious dream-like sensation, voices came. She was suddenly quite wide awake. Dale and Captain Powell were talking to Lord Delaware.

"Your lordship, thou wilt think that I failed on the mission I was sent upon," the boy's voice said bravely. "If Captain Powell has not told thee, it is time that I did."

"Captain Powell has told me nought," said Lord Delaware sternly.

"It is that I had left the others," Dale said miserably, "and while I was gone the Indians came and your nephew was killed."

"But thou wert sent along for guard and guide. That was thy only duty," said Lord Delaware.

"I thought that we had made our approach to the falls unseen, and I wandered away because I was sure the colonists were safe and I was deeply affected by the return to my old home and longed to visit the familiar places again by myself."

"Lord Delaware," Captain Powell's voice broke in sternly. "I think that I must tell thee that thy nephew was killed because he threw his knife against my orders into the circle of approaching savages."

"Against thy orders, and thou wert in charge?" asked Lord Delaware in surprise.

"Aye, your lordship."

"This, then, absolves the boy utterly?"

"In my mind, yes, your lordship."

"You may go, Dale," said the Governor quietly. "The greatest crime is disobedience. The Indians would not have shot, perchance, hadst thou been near, but they most certainly would not have broken their peace treaty with us had we not broken it first. The soldiers of the King must learn first to follow blindly the orders of their superior officer. Remember that, my boy."

"Aye, your lordship," said Dale quietly, and then after a moment's silence Nancy heard him speak again, sadly and full of emotion. "My heart grieves, Lord Delaware, for young William West, and my heart grieves also for the young redskin who died with a knife in his chest. I can hear the long wailing of the Indians as they danced about his grave. Some day, perchance, I shall forget my foster fathers. Thou must be patient with me, my lord, until I do."

He must have gone away quickly, for Lord Delaware's voice sounded irritated and undignified when he spoke again, a thing he would never have permitted with a young man in the room.

"Captain Powell, we have suffered unbearably since thou hast gone. I am better at last, but my poor cousin, Sir Ferdinand, was buried this day. I think if I am ever ill again, I must give up and go back to England."

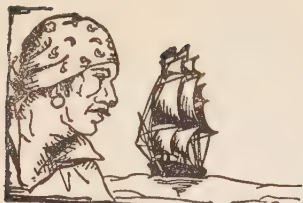
"Nay, thou hast done wonders here," Captain Powell reassured him, and indeed he had, for the streets of Jamestown looked not unlike the streets of any English village and the introduction of pomp and ceremony into the life of the colonists reminded them pleasantly of the land of royalty that they had left. Only Dale thought little of it. His mind recalled the happy days in the Indian encampment where they all sat about together, one people, closely bound together. He longed for love and comradeship.

And Nancy, in the dusk of early evening, lying wide awake when it was nearly bedtime, longed for comradeship too. Her heart ached as she recalled the boy's stirring words, "I can hear the long wailing of the Indians as they danced about his grave." He must be as lonely as she was. Her heart had been filled with thoughts of England and Broxley Hall ever since she had awakened in Mistress Anne's house that morning.

Somehow it seemed disloyal to Virginia to let sorrow turn her away from the beautiful land that her

father had called the King's treasure. "Some day I shall forget my foster fathers," Dale had said. She determined to forget England and to learn to love in a new way the land to which her father had brought her.





CHAPTER SEVEN

THE TALE OF AN OLD MARINER

FOR several days Nancy's young heart was filled with despair. She was summoned again and again before Lord Delaware. He talked to her as if she were a *grown-up* instead of a child.

"Nancy, I have decided to make thee my ward. Your father was my truest friend and I shall never forget that it was I who made him come out to Virginia."

"Yes, your lordship," and Nancy repeated the curtsy she had curtsied a hundred times before Lord Delaware in the last few hours. All the while her rebellious spirit tore at the reins that held her secure. Imagine being the ward of a man whom you must call "your lordship" every time you spoke! She longed to beg Sir Thomas Gates to make her his ward, but she supposed it was like being chosen by a captain for his crew; one couldn't exactly ask to be taken.

At last it was all settled. She had said the things Lord Delaware told her over and over like a lesson

and she knew them all by heart—that the Governor's taking her as his ward meant she must be to him like a child of his own, obeying him and thinking of him first in all things. She longed to tell him that everyone in the Colony must be his ward then, for did they not run to do his bidding and did they not think of him above everyone save the King?

But she bided her impatience and repeated the next thing.

And this was that when Sir Thomas Gates went to London he was to tell Lady Delaware to have one hundred pounds deducted from his Lordship's account with the London Company to be given to Nancy when she became of age, and to enter a special plea that the London Company agree to give the little orphan four shares of land in Virginia for the adventure of her father's person, because he was a man of worth. Nancy wrote her name in round firm letters whenever the Governor told her to, and finally the affair seemed to be at an end.

"Now, go and play as thou wilt, child," he said, more tenderly than she had ever heard him speak, "and may the Lord forgive me for bringing thy father here."

"My father came here for the King, your lordship," she said with a fleeting smile of scorn, for

in her unhappiness she misjudged the Governor and looked on him as a pompous little man who thought his high position warranted all things.

At first the children greeted her self-consciously, for had not all the Colony been talking about her? In every household, a father or a mother had sighed when the death of Sir Ferdinand was known, and Nancy had been called "poor child" and looked at with curious eyes by half a hundred of the lesser people of the Colony.

"Thou art a 'poor child' now," Miles said to her serenely when she went forth to meet him.

"I'm not, so there, and if thou art caught saying such things again, I'll, I'll—."

"Tell your guardian, Lord Delaware," mocked Miles, curtsying to and fro like a bobbing frog.

Then it was that Nancy decided never to refer to her guardian.

"Come on down to the beach; they're getting the boats ready to return to England," Dale broke in awkwardly. To his surprise the two angry little figures before him lost their stiff backs and red cheeks.

"Oh, let's," cried Nancy.

The beach swarmed with children and the most entertaining men in the whole of Jamestown—the sailors.

No matter what their size, the sailors were all of the same nut-brown color and they all wore the same soiled blue coats and high laced boots. And little and big alike, they were the strongest men that Nancy had ever seen as they lifted great empty chests that were to be returned to England for refilling and clambered up and down steep sides of the ships with provisions for their journey chained over their shoulders. Many of the sailors had long pigtails that Miles tried ever and again to clutch with his eager, mischievous hands, and he spent whole hours imitating their swaggering sea-walk, lurching clumsily up and down the beach much to the amusement of even the hardened old ocean men.

To Dale the most wonderful thing of all was the way the men clung to tiny threads strung from mast to mast, weaving their way in and out with marvelous speed and surety. Often they sang at their work in loud hoarse voices that seemed to have the sound of the wind and the waves beaten into their very fibre.

There was one man who came to be known to them at once as the "Captain." He was the most magic figure of all, wearing little gold rings in his ears and a beard of enormous length curling upward and out as if it were strutting before him.

He was covered with brass buttons that gleamed in the sunlight, and whenever his shining gold-dotted coat appeared it was a signal for each young sailor to outdo his neighbor. Oh, to be praised by the Captain, and oh, to be punished!

The men had the oddest names, not at all like proper ones, and privately Nancy thought they probably were not proper ones. A great tall man with a black beard growing right up to his hair was called "Horse" and his comrade who had no hair at all, save a little tuft of brown on the top of his head they called "Pony." A horrid little fellow who was always slinking around corners when he saw the Captain coming was named "Mangy" and besides that there were a dozen "Tims," and "Skip-pers," and "Stumpys." They were a scarred and battered lot for the most part, and all those who were not scarred and battered were so timid and nervous it was easy to see they were new men and had not had the chance for sabre-cutting in South Africa or losing a leg or an arm in the ice-cold waters of the North Sea.

After awhile the other children in the village got tired of watching a scene that had at first fascinated them. It was not so with the three strangely assorted playmates. Every hour Miles found some one more disreputable to imitate. Nancy loved the



*Then, stroking his jaunty beard musingly,
he began his story.*

old Captain so much he couldn't stir without her red curls flying after. And for Dale it was the gayest picture he had ever seen—whistling, singing, swaggering joyousness combined with grit and hard muscles and labor that he had been reared to admire.

In the Governor's house on the hill, Lord Delaware, still nervous and irritable from his illness, called Sir Thomas Gates to him.

"Is it seemly, is it to be endured?" he sputtered.

"Thou meanest Nancy playing with the children on the beach?" said Sir Thomas Gates quietly.

"Aye. The sailors are a rough lot. 'Tis no place for a gentlewoman."

For the first and only time, Sir Thomas Gates lost his temper in front of the Governor who had usurped his place at Jamestown.

"Let Nancy be. Let her find as much happiness as she can, for her life is not destined to be an easy one. If thou makest her a gentlewoman she will have too much to think about, for mark ye, she is not one to sew a fine seam all the day through with joyousness. Let her be a child of the sun and the woods, let her be a true product of this enchanted Virginia, beautiful, adventurous, never dull."

Lord Delaware's sharp eyes grew more kindly as he heard the children's laughter coming up from the

beach mingling with the loud whistles and merry ballads of the sailors.

"Very well, then, but I like not the responsibility of her. Perchance I should send her to England with thee where Lady Delaware could bring her up like a proper child."

"Nay, I would not do that. She could not be as happy there as here. She remembers her father's wish to help the King in strengthening the Colony of Virginia by staying here in spite of its discomforts. I will be back in a year's time, bringing with me my daughters and Lady Gates. We will promise to train her if she has turned into a wild young thing of the forest," laughed Sir Thomas Gates.

So Nancy and her companions were allowed to sit at the feet of the ruddy old Captain who had golden rings in his ears and golden buttons on his coat. They asked him a hundred questions, and sometimes he answered them shortly, and often in longspun tales that made the afternoons turn into dusk too soon. His name, they found, was Samuel Mace.

"Now to-day, thou promised to tell us—to tell us—mm," Nancy puckered her forehead to try to remember which of the seven tales held in the offing she wanted to hear the most.

"The time when—the time when—," Miles cut in,

unable to wait for Nancy's feminine mind to try and make itself up.

"Didst thou ever come to this part of the country before?" Dale asked suddenly, so lost in reverie that he had not heard what the others were saying.

"To this country before? Why," the old Captain laughed incredulously, "why, knowest thou not my record, son? I was in the employ of Sir Walter Raleigh and sent in search of the Lost Colony on three separate occasions."

"The Lost Colony!" Dale's face was as pale as the white sand that he was scooping up in his hands. Nancy held her hands together tightly and shivered a little with excitement. Was the mystery of Dale's father and mother to be told them, right here in broad daylight, by this romantic sea captain?

Only Miles, who had paid little attention to the tales of the yellow-haired boy and his home at Roanoke, missed the significance it all had for Dale. To him it was just another jolly tale told by a mariner whose life had been the living of one adventure after another.

"Well, Captain Mace, what happened? Was it really lost or didst thou call it lost because thou couldst not find it?" said the saucy little black-eyed boy.

Probably Samuel Mace did not even hear, for he was holding his gnarled cane firmly by the handle and beginning to draw a line in the sand at his feet. Then, stroking his jaunty beard musingly, he began his story.

"Only one of my voyages in search of the Lost Colony is of interest. The others were only good voyages with smart winds to carry me where I wished to go and a cargo of sassafras and roots of different kinds gathered and traded from Indians all along the American coast, from forty leagues south of Cape Hatteras to the dwelling places of those shy and hostile Hatteras Indians who would not see us."

"Then thou dost not know, surely, if the Lost Colony mingled with them?" Nancy asked breathlessly.

"Well, 'tis the common thing to suppose, missy, for there are gray-eyed children with fairer skin than any other Indian tribe among them this day. But how they went and why, no one can know."

Dale's lips parted as if to speak, but the tale that the oldest Indian had told him of his golden-haired mother and her young husband refusing to join the Hatteras was too sacred to tell to this old mariner who would tell the story his own way to many, many people before he died.

"It was in 1589 on the 20th of March," said the Captain as if he had memorized the log of his ship. "We left with a clean sea, and an easier passage I never had, passing betwixt Barbary and Mogador to Dominico in the West Indies. It was August before we met with the low sandy isles westward of Wokokon and the middle of August before Captain John White stopped us at four fathoms, three leagues from shore, pointing out a thin thread of smoke at the place he declared he had left the Colony two years before."

"Who was Captain John White?" Dale interrupted so suddenly they all jumped.

"Well, lad, thou tookest my breath for a moment," said the Captain sheepishly. "'Tis easy to live in the past and hard to come back again into the present. Well, let's see,—ah, yes, Captain John White was a strong leader in the Colony. His grandchild was the first white child born in America and was called Virginia Dare. But all this was in 1587 before he went back to England to get provisions and help.

"Imagine our excitement, and his excitement, when we saw the smoke! Perhaps he had felt guilty about not returning sooner, but the troubles with Spain had upset seagoing voyages and the King of England had not yet learned that Virginia was as

much a part of England as the rebellious Irish. The next morning Captain White went with two men, Cook and Spicer, discharging guns and singing English songs, but when they reached Roanoke there was only a smouldering fire. They returned to our ship like madmen, crying and fearful. We anchored until another morning, determined to try again and if we found no one, to see at least if there were any clue to their departure."

Now the Captain was surrounded by a larger audience. The second mate of the ship who was notoriously devoted to the old mariner, sat bobbing his red face up and down as if to verify all that was said. The long flat face of the man that they called Horse was attentive, and motionless. Nancy, flat on her stomach, her legs waving in the air, lay chewing a curl that looked most indigestible. Sitting close beside Dale was Sir Thomas Gates, who had wandered down to see what famous picture of the old man's imagination was flashing now.

Of all the listeners, Dale and Sir Thomas Gates were most absorbed. Each heard the story of the Lost Colony's disappearance with a grim, stern face. None save these two thought of the old Captain's story as anything more than one of the mysteries bound up with the sea and the Indians and the enchantingly beautiful coasts of the Americas.

"The next morning we prepared again for Roanoke," said the Captain, a note of excitement creeping into his voice. "We had gone a mile of the two toward shore, and I was in the admiral's boat that led. Suddenly, as we passed the bar, a dirty sea came up. We pitched into a void where it seemed for a moment we would take a header, but there was a wall of water suddenly looming up that sent our bow heavenward again. By the grace of God and the careful steering of Captain Cook we escaped.

"But looking back to see how the boat following us made her way—there was a sight to sicken you, indeed. A wild current sucked the boat under; some of the men were able to touch the bottom for she had been swept a long way into shore, but of the eleven, seven were beaten down by the waves. We'd see their heads come bobbing up but 'twas as if they were in boiling water with the foam covering them and the water twisting in that curious fashion that meaneth a wicked current lurks beneath."

"And were things just the same on shore as before?" begged Miles, unable to wait any longer with the sailors, so eager was he to get to the colonists.

"Aye, the same. A deader sight I've never seen. Nary a soul was there—just that smoke curling up from some rotten trees burning. 'Twas not a pleasant sight at all with no one to do any explaining

and us wondering how the fire ever got there anyhow."

"But what was the condition of the fort?" asked Sir Thomas Gates.

"The fort still stood, a strong palisade, but there was no sign of ordnance or boats. There was not a hint for us that things were not well. On one tree was printed 'C. R. O.' in fair Roman letters and on one of the chief poles of the palisade was carved in capital letters 'CROATAN.' Captain White told us that this was the secret sign he had agreed upon with the men who headed the Colony. Should they desire to move to some other place they would leave word of it on the tree.

"The next day we weighed anchor for Croatan but the cable broke and we fell into the blackest storm I have ever seen. Thus we were forced back to England. There have been several journeys since, and two of them I myself have sailed upon, but there was nought to be found at Croatan and nought to be found of the Lost Colony."

"And that was all, all that thou didst see?" Dale pleaded, his usually manly expression quite gone and in its place the eager hungry look of a small boy who has not gotten what he wanted.

"All save the bars of iron and of lead and such heavy things lying with overgrown weeds covering

them to tell us they had been left for long," said the old man simply.

"There was nothing else!" Sir Thomas Gates urged, "nothing like papers or—."

"Oh, yes, a half a dozen sea chests partly dug up containing books and pictures all spoiled by the rain. Captain John White even recognized some of his old maps, thou knowest he was an artist of some note, and he took them all back with him."

"What, all the papers and things in the chests?" Sir Thomas Gates cried with a voice ringing with excitement.

"Aye, but they told us nothing. They were only papers, private ones like letters and things belonging to the people of the Colony."

Dale's eyes sought those of Sir Thomas Gates pleadingly.

"Could—could there possibly be words of my mother or father in those papers?"

It was no longer the old mariner's moment. Every eye was upon the boy's eager white face. Briefly Sir Thomas Gates told them that it was believed that Dale was, in a way, a survivor from the Lost Colony, since he was the child of two survivors.

"But Captain White died some years ago," the old seaman said kindly.

"It seemeth though as 'twas Sir Walter Raleigh's colony."

"Aye, aye," beamed Captain Mace. "We were every one in his employ. No doubt they turned the contents of the chests over to him in their report."

And that was the end of the Captain's tale, so he stretched his weary limbs and with his gnarled stick went scurrying up the sides of the ship to wheedle and coax and swear at the rough sailors that the ship might be ready on the morrow to set sail for England.

Up the hill went Sir Thomas Gates with Nancy hanging on one arm and Dale and Miles hurrying after him.

"Oh, why do you have to go to England?" Nancy said wistfully.

"To take the map, silly, don't you even know that?" Miles mocked in his usual impish, knowing way.

"Nay, there are sturdier guards for the map than this old gentleman," laughed Sir Thomas, and then with a sharper look in his eye he added, "And what made you think I would have the map with me anyhow, lad?"

"My father said 'twas the probable thing, you being the greatest man on the ship," replied the small boy clearly.

"And you *are* the greatest man," Nancy whispered.

"Well, tell thy father for me that the map goes well guarded," Sir Thomas Gates said coldly. "Now, away, all of thee. Dale, Master Strachey will be waiting his supper and Miles—"

But Miles had seen a lurking, shadowy figure near the Governor's gateway. He was soon only a lively streak down the road. A whining voice came out of the dusk.

"I was but looking for my lad, sir. I see that he has run home now, feared of a whipping for being late." The man laughed, a weird unkind sound travelling down the road after the strange little boy.

"Dost thou think, perhaps, that Miles and his father are spies?" Nancy asked.

"Why, what made thee say such a thing?" Sir Thomas Gates cried sharply.

"Oh, they're so interested in the map," Nancy continued thoughtfully.

"But the map travels to England and they stay here. That seemeth to prove to me that they are just two unfortunates whose past is not the clearest and who thus go through life marked with a slyness, a craftiness that makes them suspected," Sir Thomas Gates said musingly.

Only Dale had made no mention of the map. He turned suddenly toward Sir Thomas.

"Wilt thou do thy best for me, sir?" he pleaded earnestly.

"Aye, thou meanest about the papers that Captain Mace remembers," Sir Thomas replied slowly. "But think not hopefully upon it, boy. 'Tis almost impossible, if I should find them, to light upon a clue to a woman with golden hair and her kindly young husband. Come, think again and yet again. Is there nothing more to aid me lingering in thy mind?"

"Nothing," the boy said miserably. "My father died when I was still very young, I think, and it seemeth to me that whenever they began to talk to me about England or white people, Parahunt called one of them away on some pretext. Perchance they had been warned not to raise me as a white child. After my father's death, my mother's only words for me were not to become a red man. I was seven when she died. Surely if they had told me anything, I would remember it."

"I think thou hast hit upon it," Sir Thomas said with keen interest in his voice. "And if that be the case, if thy father carried any mark or paper or jewel upon him that belonged to England, they would be taken from him. In England I shall do

my task, my lad, and here thou shalt do thy part. Go back to Parahunt and by any craft that can match his own, seek anything that might have belonged to thy father or mother."

The boy knelt before the older man, and without saying a word slipped suddenly away with the feet of an Indian, silent, mysterious, seeming part of the very mist of night.

Nancy turned eagerly toward the man who was nearest to her, now that her laughing, comradely father was gone.

"Thou art good to try to help him. Thou shalt have two businesses now—the King's and Dale's."

"Aye, the King's," and Sir Thomas Gates sighed anxiously. "I'faith the world is full of angry suspicions, Nancy. They do even say that men of high rank in the King's navy are said to be friendly to Spain. Perhaps the sailors that man the very ship I sail upon are paid spies."

"But the King's business can never fail," said Nancy loyally, "and if thou canst but find the papers Captain Mace told us of, Dale's business cannot fail either."

"If I can but find them, Nance, but Sir Walter Raleigh is locked up as tightly as a rat in London tower, a prisoner of the King," Sir Thomas Gates said slowly.



GABRIEL HOOKER ASSUMES HIS DISGUISE

MISTS rolled slowly over the water at dawn the next day. Already the sailors climbed like monkeys up and down the smooth masts, along the swinging ropes, down the rope ladders to the gray, foam-tipped waves. The Captain paced up and down the sandy beach, his crooked stick waving in time to his rough commands.

"Get on there, thou bally loafer, thou play-actor, thou blue-blooded halberdier," he shouted. "Nay, the rope to windward—to windward, thou land-lubber, I say."

The greenhorns shivered and wished they were cobblers and tailors and apothecaries. The hardened old mariners smelled the salt of the sea and their blood tingled at the thought that they would soon be beyond the sight of horizons and out of the world of Indians and tangled woods unbroken by pleasant ports.

And certain men made preparations for the voy-

age. Sir Thomas Gates and Robert Tyndall talked in private with Lord Delaware that early dawn.

"How dost thou think the map had best be carried?" Robert Tyndall asked.

"More important than that, which one of us shall carry it?" smiled Sir Thomas Gates.

"Bother me not with such a minor worry," said Lord Delaware irritably. "'Tis for me to order thee to deliver the map safely into the hands of the King, to see that no hand save thine own touches it on the way, and to warn the King of the precious worth it bears for England—and likewise for Spain—upon its delivery."

"Very well, my lord," said Robert Tyndall humbly.

"Who, by the way, will be the bearer, and where wilt thou hide it?" said Lord Delaware with his customary curiosity.

"A matter of minor worry," Sir Thomas Gates mocked, "and besides, the walls have ears. Let us have a little mystery about this commission."

The Governor smiled wryly and shrugged his shoulders. Still he had invited the retort by not answering the questions of Tyndall civilly.

The session with the Governor over, Sir Thomas and Robert Tyndall went quietly from the room. At the door they found Nancy, her long white nightgown trailing on the rude floor and its ruffled collar

making her look like a singer of Christmas carols at some high church service in England.

"I heard every word you said," she said disgustedly, "and all the world could know that the map was going to England by listening to either of you."

"But all the world knows anyhow, Nance. And 'tis for us to see that the map does go to England, safely and with as much haste as possible," Robert Tyndall said.

"Well, surely if thou hast a soldier's weapon thou canst defend the King's property," the child said severely.

"And so we will, Nancy; while one sleepeth the other will guard and the next night he who slept will take his turn at watch."

Down the hill to the shore the people of Jamestown went. There were hearts filled with misgiving, for the sight of men whom they could scarce do without starting off across the ocean to the safety of England was enough to try the strongest courage. Lord Delaware paced the shore restlessly, and for the first time the colonists saw something in his face that was human and faint-hearted. He, too, would have liked to sail. He regretted his life governorship in the Virginia Colony, it was plain to see, and only good Doctor Bohun realized it was because the fever still raged in his pompous, sturdy body.

How can he dare to tell us to live good lives, to face our lifetime here with strength, if he gazes wistfully at the ship departing for England, they thought. And Lord Delaware bore no easy conscience, for he could not understand his own feelings. He who had always stood longest the boyish raggings at the day school, he who had fought most tenaciously in battle, and had spent a lifetime crying the watchwords of the true Britisher, "Stick to the Ship," "Grit thy teeth like a bulldog and hold to thy duty," felt neither like sticking to Jamestown nor like doing his duty this day. He felt only like climbing aboard the little vessel and sailing home to England where good medicines and the warm comfort of an English estate would win him back to health.

The confusion on the beach was evident in sound as well as appearance,—the strange guttural calls of the pig-tailed sailors, the unmusical attempts of the colonists to sing English songs without the helpful accompaniment of fife and drum, the boisterous calling of children who ran wild with joy at the sight of the lifted sails on the graceful ships. At last it was time for the guns to boom, for anchors to be raised, and farewells ended. Master William Strachey came running down to the shore breathlessly shouting "Wait! Wait!", for being a cautious

man he was eager to send a copy of his report of the affairs of Jamestown to the King in case his records should ever be destroyed.

"Now the story of Roanoke has gone to England," he said, beaming upon Dale.

The boy smiled back at him, and no one could have told by the serenity in his face how fast his heart beat at the thought of men in England learning of a survivor of the Lost Colony. Would anyone wonder if he belonged to them, he thought wistfully? Would Sir Walter Raleigh have the things that Captain White had saved from the chests dug up from the shores of Roanoke? Would there be any clue to the mystery of his inheritance?

Suddenly he heard Nancy's voice beside him.

"Where is Miles? I have looked everywhere for him and he so wanted to see the ship sail."

"He must be hiding or playing some trick," Dale smiled at her.

But it *was* odd, he began to think, that the little black-haired boy was not there, running up and down the beach in wild joyousness, as he was accustomed to do whenever an occasion brought the villagers from their homes. He always seemed to blossom with an audience. All the actor in him came forth, and he smiled beguilingly at Bridget and Mistress Anne so that they quite forgot the

scoldings they had given him when he came into their kitchens and stole their cookies.

"Perhaps he has been bad again and is being punished," Nancy sighed.

Then she was in the arms of Sir Thomas Gates saying a last good bye to him and sending messages to all her friends in England. At the very end she almost cried, but gallantly let the tears go in instead of out by holding her head so high it tilted backward.

"The best way not to cry is to forget your kerchief," she said flushing a little at the sympathetic glances Dale was giving her.

At last the ship started. Captain Mace waved his stick merrily and took off his cap for the first time since the children had seen him.

"Why his hair groweth in a ring!" laughed Nancy.

The cannon boomed terrifyingly. "The white man's weapon," Dale thought instinctively. "England," murmured Lord Delaware, seeing a momentary vision of gallant battleships in the great harbors. A young girl ran quickly up the hill, unable to endure the sight of the ship's departure. Nancy saw the strutting beard of the Captain silhouetted for a moment, saw a pigmy sailor slide along a perilous rope, saw the tail of ruffled waters left by the great sailing vessel. Then she too was lost in

reverie that was sadness, for he who had been nearer than anyone else since her father died was going further away from her every moment.

"You and I will have to entertain each other," Lord Delaware said more kindly than she had ever heard him speak.

She saw him anew that moment, saw that beneath his military pompousness he was lonely too. Her gentle eyes saw that the fever still burned his cheeks and that his restlessness was the same nervous illness that had made her father toss in his sleep and murmur her name fearfully. She slipped her hand into his great one and though a little while later he was ordering her to bear herself like a lady of London town, their peace had been made in that brief moment. From that time forth Nancy knew that Lord Delaware would do anything for her, and the Governor knew that he had all the loyalty and affection he could wish for in his tempestuous red-haired ward.

The beach was not yet cleared of people when good Doctor Bohun came bouncing down the hill, his round face purple and his voice fairly crackling with excitement.

"A matter for you, G-G-Governor," he sputtered.

Lord Delaware looked at his flaming face in amazement, but forbore to ask questions in front of

the curious villagers. Gently disengaging Nancy's hand, he went with the fat little doctor up the hill.

Nancy trudged slowly back to the house. In the kitchen she found Bridget shaking her head dolefully over the corn-meal bag.

"'Tis time they went to England," she murmured.

"Why, isn't there enough to eat?" Nancy's voice showed horrified excitement. "Bridget, are we going to have a 'starving time' like the last colonists at Jamestown had? Sir Thomas Gates said it was dreadful; they had to eat weeds right out of the woods. Anyhow we've got Dale to tell us which weeds are poison. Shall I go and gather some right now?"

"Why Nancy Elizabeth Wainman!" Bridget's round face rippled with laughter and impatience all at once. "Thou travellest faster than anybody I've ever seen, once there is an idea in thy pretty head. See that thou speakest no word to anyone about the meal running short. Should the rumor start, every woman in Jamestown would lie awake at night worrying how the food was holding out, and the Governor would be in a rare humor then, I'll tell thee."

"Very well," said Nancy with disappointment evident in every gesture. "But, Bridget, if we ever do run short, tell me first and let Dale and me go and

trade my blue necklace for some meal from the Indians," she called as she ran out of the kitchen.

She did not know what made her take the lane that led to the house of Gabriel Hooker. Perhaps it was because the thought that something must be the matter with Miles had never really left her mind since she saw he was not on the beach to watch the ship set sail. She skipped along happily, waving her hand to Mistress Anne and Master William Strachey who were chuckling over Dale's attempts to beat, with the long branch of a tree, the bright rugs Mistress Anne had made herself. She curtsied low to Captain George Percy, the famous man who had come to Jamestown many years before and had known Captain Smith and been on the very expedition that had seen Dale running about the Indian encampment. Captain Argall pulled her curls as she dashed along the hard ground.

"Morning, Mistress Wainman," came from all sides, from the cobblers and tailors and blacksmiths, armorers, gun-founders, sawyers, carpenters, brick-makers, joiners, the bakers, brewers, and all the tradesmen of every sort who lived in this corner of the triangular palisade that protected Jamestown from the wilderness beyond.

"Good-day, Samuel, and Timothy, and—," she called them all by name, and teased them about

their trades. "I'll be pleased to have a fireplace built at once in mine very own chamber, Master John; bring thy bricks and tear out the wall of the Governor's house; I'm sure he won't mind."

"I'll niver be tearin' out the sides of that that's already done, m'lady," said the old man sourly, not even guessing what the laughter was all about that rang out when the impudent young maiden spoke.

At last she came to the little falling-down cottage that had been given to Gabriel Hooker and Miles. It was only a one-room house and had but a hole in the roof to let out the smoke from the fire. It was built in the days when Captain John Smith was at Jamestown and they scarcely needed houses, so busy they were travelling from place to place, exploring rivers and woods and bays, making friends with the great chief, Powhatan, who was head of at least seven different tribes in Virginia. Through the one small window came the sound of voices,—the blustering, commanding voice of Lord Delaware, the stuttering, excited commands of good Doctor Bohun, and a low monotone of denial that was undoubtedly the voice of Miles.

Nancy stood still in the middle of the path. So Miles had gotten into trouble again! She strained her ears to listen for the wheedling, sly tones of the little boy's father. If there were a spy in that

house, it was Master Gabriel Hooker and not his son, she was sure.

At first she had not been certain, for the spry little figure had climbed so agilely upon forbidden places: the Governor's roof where a gable overhung the window that did not quite close in the room where the Council meetings for Jamestown were always held; the great boughs of the oak tree that brushed against the windows of the church. He had even climbed up the porch of Master William Strachey's house. True, he had said he was looking for Dale, but was not Master William the Secretary of the Colony and had he not important business written in his great books that were kept in the very room off the porch.

But Nancy had watched him and listened to him when he forgot to be strange, when he was tired of acting. She was certain that he was as good as she herself was and that all his actions had been defiant. He had played around the Governor's house because he was told not to, because he made a sensation when he did. It was her belief in Miles that gave her the courage to storm into the sagging door of the tumbledown house without having any idea why she was going or who would be there when she entered.

It was the strangest scene she had ever come upon

—a little gnome-like child whose body looked about six years old but whose eyes shone with the intelligence and keenness of many years more, old Doctor Bohun whose fat, sagging face looked completely vacant and mystified, Lord Delaware in as fine a temper as he had had for months. Miles lay on a ragged couch bound by ropes that pinned him in an uncomfortable half-sitting position. His face was very white, but his lips were smiling.

“What meanest thou?” Nancy stamped her foot and screamed at them. “How darest thou tie him up and hurt him, Lord Delaware.

“We did not tie him thus; he was tied when I found him,” Doctor Bohun hastened to explain.

“It must have been an hour ago,” Nancy cried, her cheeks flushing with a temper that matched Lord Delaware’s own. “Is’t any reason to leave him so? If I found thee dying in the woods I suppose I should leave thee there because I found thee that way.”

“Thou art right, Nancy, we need not have left him tied, but he is so quick and sly I half feared he would be through the window before we had questioned him.”

“But why? What is it he should be questioned about?”

Doctor Bohun at a sign from the Governor began the story.

"The boat had just gone out when I remembered old Michael, the cobbler, had hurt his finger badly yesterday noon. I had forgotten to dress it this morning in the excitement of seeing the ship off, so as soon as the boat was out of sight I hurried down to this end of the lane to fix him up. I found a great deal of suppressed whispering going on in front of the house of Gabriel Hooker, and several of the children finally told me the astounding news that one of the sailors on the great ship had been there all night and early this morning had been seen going down to the beach. Neither Gabriel Hooker nor Miles had been seen or heard of since.

"Thou knowest how easily frightened they are about all things. Well, they were convinced that the two lay dead inside the house and no one dared to enter and find out. I came in and found Gabriel Hooker gone entirely and Miles with his mouth gagged so tightly he might have smothered had I not reached him at that moment. The boy will not tell us a thing," the flustered little Doctor cried, rubbing his plump hands together in a frenzy of nervousness.

Nancy listened with amazement, and for a moment she too could have spanked the mischievous

little boy who lay there with a half-smile of triumph on his crooked features. But she saw that beneath all his gay and cool exterior the little boy was very frightened. Frightened of what? It could not be of the Governor, for Miles had never shown the least inclination of reverence for Lord Delaware, and certainly not of good old Doctor Bohun who, by the looks of him, was the most frightened of all.

"Who was the sailor, Miles—one of those that talked with Dale and thee yesterday?" asked Nancy gently.

The boy only shook his head, but his great dark eyes looked mournfully up at Nancy as if he hoped she would understand his silence.

It was too important an affair to forget. Lord Delaware went home to eat his dinner while Captain Percy, whom he sent back, watched Miles closely to see that the boy did not run out the window or door. All afternoon they sat with him questioning him and trying to coax or frighten the mystery from his stubbornly closed lips. Dale had scoured the woods around and brought word that no one had escaped in that direction, for no broken bushes or tracks were found in the moist thickets. Gabriel Hooker had disappeared into thin air, and the only people who could explain it were the unknown sailor not a day's trip out on the sea and the curiously loyal

little son who lay, a tired, white-faced heap on the ragged couch, playing with the loosened ropes that someone had tied him with that early dawn.

It was dusk. Nancy had eaten her supper in gulps and chokes. Bridget was nearly in tears, for the Governor didn't eat at all.

"Let me talk to him just once more," pleaded Nancy, "just one little time more before I go to bed, my lord."

He laughed at her mischievous use of "my lord"; usually she spoke to him as casually as if he were Dale.

"Very well." He took his hat from Bridget's waiting hands and the two new-found friends went out into the twilight. Half of Jamestown saw them; the other half hurried to their windows and doors to peer after them in the dusk. So carefully had young Miles been guarded that no one knew yet what had really happened in the little cottage. No one knew whether Gabriel Hooker had been killed as a spy or whether father and son both lay very ill within the little house. Nancy did not wave at her friends in the lane this time. She was far too worried and occupied, and her usually chattering voice was silent as she wondered what to do to make her playmate tell her what she was sure he wanted to.

No one had bothered to light all the candles in

Gabriel Hooker's house. A single taper sputtered when Nancy opened the door and a draft of wind passed its invisible way across the room. In the shadows the figures of the puzzled colonists stirred with relief at the arrival of Nancy.

Nancy payed no attention to the others. She turned her vivid young face to that of Miles, and touching his hand gently said,

"Miles, Dale is going to go up the river in a few days' time to see if he can find some clue to his parents from Parahunt, the Indian. He wisheth thee to go with him. Dost thou think thy father will let thee go?"

Everyone in the room seemed almost to cease breathing as they waited to see if Nancy's cleverness would win the truth from the little black-haired boy. The child's eyes lighted until they were bright jewels. He smiled at her radiantly:

"Aye, but 'twould be a jolly trip with Dale. I'd learn how to act like an Indian then and, who can tell, I might turn into one. How can my father stop me, thou silly, when he is not here?"

"'Tis stupid of me to have forgotten," Nancy laughed, "of course, he went off with the sailor this very morning."

Miles laughed mischievously.

"I would I were as good an actor as my father;

even Ben Jonson said he was the cleverest player on the stage of all England. My father did not go off with any sailor, Nance, he *was* the sailor that they all saw."

The breathless silence in the room was broken by a wave of murmurous surprise. Only Nancy was clever enough to follow up the start she had made in making Miles tell his secret.

"He is the best man at disguise in all England, I'll wager," she laughed with a strain of reckless excitement in her voice. "But where did he ever get a pigtail and a shambling walk and a swarthy face instead of his pale skin?"

"Easy, if thou knowest how. He brought the sailor clothes from England, knowing full well he would need them, and cooked roots dye the skin in a moment or so, and thou canst tie a pigtail on—it need not grow, Nancy, like thy curls," he said with some of the old scorn in his voice.

"But why did he tie thee up?" said Nancy gently.

"Because I wanted to go too," Miles said, holding his quivering lips tight so he wouldn't cry. "I do not like it here alone."

For a moment everyone of them wanted to hold him, and to shower on him all the kindness and love that he had been denied. But it was Nancy who was their leader now. She knelt down beside the

ragged bed and ran her soft fingers through the child's black curls.

"I do not like it here alone in Jamestown either, Miles. Thou wilt have to be my best friend from now on; we'll be brother and sister, and then not having our fathers won't matter quite so much."

"You can live here," Miles said, his big eyes searching her face to see if she meant all she said.

Nancy looked questioningly at Lord Delaware. He started, shook his head, and then with a shrug came over to where the little boy lay.

"But I cannot give Nancy up, Miles, so I guess I'll have to let thee come and stay with us instead. There are always extra rooms in the Governor's house for such as thou, and Nancy will tell thee that our good Bridget will be kind to thee even if she does make thee wash thy hands a dozen times a day. But I think if thou art coming to be one of us, you must tell us why your father shipped upon the boat that sailed this day for England, leaving thee behind."

"Is it not simple?" Miles said with some of the mockery coming into his dark eyes again. "The map sails with the ship, does it not?"

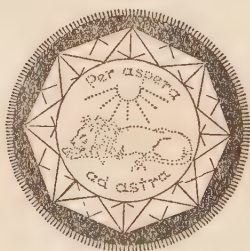
"The map!" Lord Delaware hid his start of surprise as well as he could.

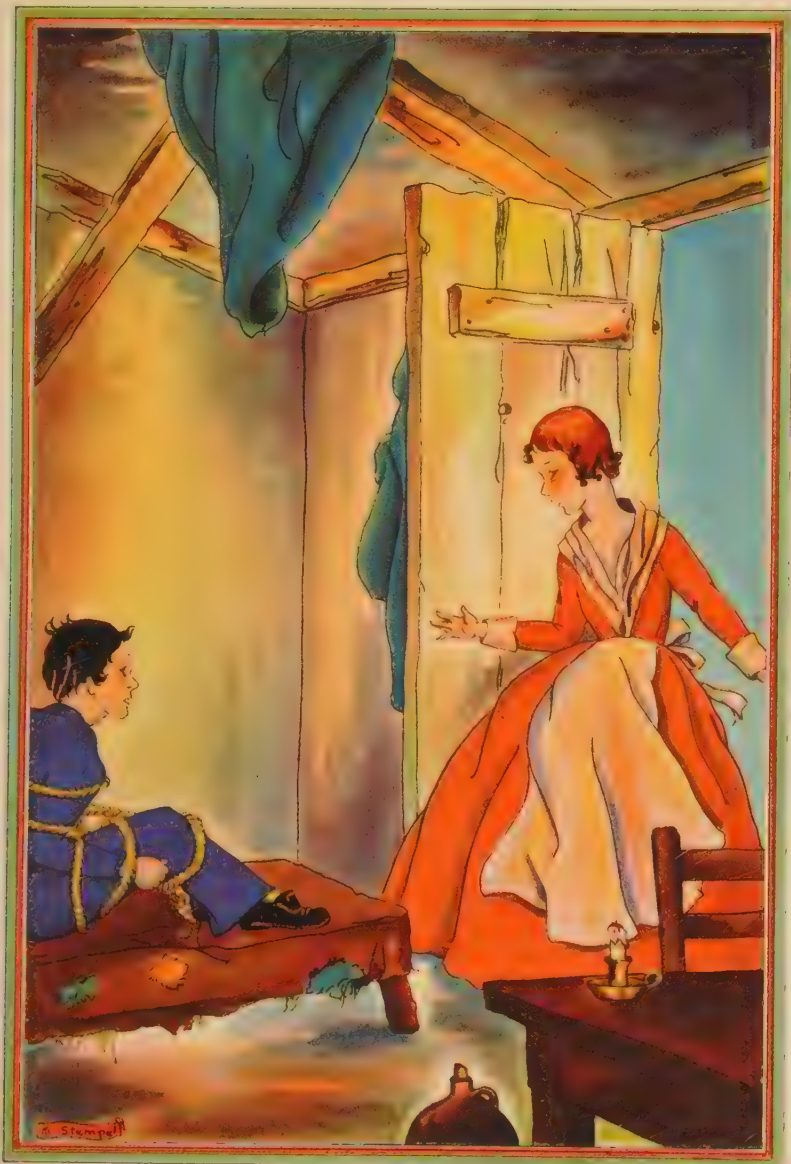
"Then thy father *was* a spy?"

"I know naught, your lordship," Miles said wearily, "only that a great man wearing a shining uniform came to my father in England when he lost his position at the London playhouse. This man gave my father money and soon after we came here. All I have ever heard my father say is that he must shadow the map of Virginia until it reached England. Then his task would be done."

"He will not steal it himself then?" Lord Delaware said eagerly.

"Nay, my father does not steal, your lordship," said Miles with a demure expression, "but he maketh a right good hunter and never yet has he lost sight of his game!"





Miles lay on a ragged couch bound by ropes that pinned him in an uncomfortable, half-sitting position.



CHAPTER NINE

THE SIGN OF THE SUN GOD

THERE was little more to be learned from Miles. Lord Delaware paced the floor all night long, and Nancy found him the next day, feverish and discouraged.

“’Twas so stupid of me, Nancy, not to keep an eye on the fellow. He showed so plainly the marks of a spy and yet we could never find him guilty, so we ceased suspecting him. I have failed most miserably in the business of the King.” He put his head down on his arm, and looked as little like the pompous Lord Delaware as anyone in the Colony.

“But Sir Thomas Gates will guard the map with his very life,” Nancy said cheerfully.

“’Twill do little good, Nancy. The sailor who is not a sailor will never be seen by Sir Thomas, for ’tis not his business to lay his own hands upon the map. ’Tis his task to tell his employer, the man high up in English affairs, who bears the map when the ship landeth. If the boy only knew who this fellow is who payeth out money we might prevent

further trickery, but all he can say is he wore a uniform sometimes trimmed all over with gold. 'Twould fit any admiral or captain in the navy.'

"But what will happen?" Nancy's voice had a sharp note of fear in it that was as much a surprise to herself as to Lord Delaware. The events of the last weeks had been too much for her gentle mind. The Governor leaned down swiftly.

"Tears on thy lashes, child. Do not worry. It meaneth only that the map will be seen by the Spanish Ambassador who will send a copy of it to King Philip at Madrid. Virginia was the mystery whose coasts and rivers and bays were unknown to Spain. She will be a mystery no longer. Now England alone cannot proceed to settle here, for Spain will try. She will, perchance, send spies to see our forts, the number of colonists, and what protection we have for them. The map has given her the key to Virginia."

"Thou speakest as if she already had it," Nancy cried. "Perchance it will be so well guarded in England it will never be seen by the Spanish Ambassador."

"Perchance, Nancy, but whatever happens, we cannot know, for a ship will not come from England for many months. The best thing we can do is forget it, I guess."

But the Governor did not forget, and good Doctor Bohun saw with growing concern the illness that his lordship had defeated creeping back upon him again. The colonists only saw him grow a little more stern faced, watched him hold the Sunday services in the chapel with his customary display and little guessed that he lay awake each night struggling with every bit of manhood he could muster against his heart's desire. He knew now surely that he did not want to be Governor for life in Virginia. He wanted to return to England.

The brief excitement over the departure of Gabriel Hooker was soon over, as far as the children were concerned. Nancy had a new brother, for Miles and she were as close and understanding as two such widely divergent children could be. Bridget had a new one to bother about, and made the house ring alternately with her laughter and praise of him and her utter disgust and fury. The Governor's house was a far more human spot than it had ever been before. Dale's golden head was seen in the garden as often as Nancy's own, and even the Governor, who lay most of the day resting within, smiled happily as he heard their boisterous games outside his window.

But Dale was often a preoccupied companion.

"Thou art as thoughtful as the Governor himself

be," Bridget said to him one day kindly. She liked to have this slim, well mannered boy about and never ceased holding him up as a model for harum-scarum Miles.

"Yes, what are thou thinking of?" Nancy asked.

"Aren't we ever going up the river to see Parahunt?" Miles asked lazily.

Dale started and flushed a little.

"Why, how didst thou happen to ask that?" he questioned.

"Oh, I told him once that thou wouldst take him when thou set forth," Nancy broke in hastily, remembering the famous occasion when she had told Miles.

"Thou startled me, because I had talked over the matter with Master William just last evening and he sayeth that I can go when I please. I wondered if I could find a companion," Dale said.

"Miles can go," said Nancy, hiding her disappointment at not being able to offer her own company.

"I would that thou couldst too," he said gravely, his shining eyes on her face.

"Nay, I am a girl," and she wished for the hundredth time that she were not. "Besides, I must stay with Lord Delaware. He must not get as sick as my father did," she went on with a softness in

her eyes. "Good Doctor Bohun sayeth I am good for him."

"When do we go?" Miles cried eagerly.

"Soon," was all that the quiet older boy would say. Sometimes it seemed to Nancy that instead of losing his Indian traits, they had grown stronger in him. His silences were very restful and his unobtrusiveness was something to be admired, the little girl thought as she mentally compared him to the other young boys of the Colony. But no one wished more ardently than Nancy that he would forget the Indians, and that he would find some clue to his own family name through the visit to Parahunt.

All of Jamestown was interested in the departure of Dale and Miles, who trailed the tall fair-haired boy around like some strange little bodyguard whose prowess lay not in his queer, stunted form but in his great, intelligent eyes.

The boys set forth one golden day when the banks of the river and the woods as far as the eye could see were a wonderful blending of autumn colors that urged them on. Miles was unusually quiet after his gay farewells to Nancy. For the first time he felt the spell of emptiness and the beauty of radiant colors that were not in costumes and painted scenery. Dale paddled with long and easy strokes, a quiet smile on his lips and his eyes shining with

suppressed eagerness. The question uppermost in his mind was what lay at the end of the journey; to Miles the questions in his busy active mind were what lay all along the journey.

"Dale, what is that?" he would cry in a hushed, mysterious tone.

Dale looked up to see an animal about the size of a cat with a head like a swine and a tale like a rat.

"'Tis an opossum. See the bag beneath her? In it she carryeth her young."

"Like carrying her children in her pocket that she may watch them," laughed Miles.

Dale swung the canoe near the shore so that they could snatch a cluster of purple grapes. Miles ate them with a delicious sense of adventure. He had eaten in strange places, but never had he wandered down an unpeopled river and lived like the little wild beasts they passed along the shores.

"Autumn is here," Dale said, "I like it best, but 'twill be cold and wet in another month."

Miles looked at the golden sun and it seemed to him as if it could never be cold or wet again, so bright were the rays that poured down over them.

"We must have a swim," Dale said when they had paddled several hours more and the palms of their hands were red and sticky.

They moored the boat and tore off their clothes

gladly. Dale plunged first, coming up with his golden head sleekly wet like the swimming beavers they had seen a little while before. Miles shivered a little as he dipped his toe into the cold clear water, and finally with a good-natured howl fell into the stream with a great splash. Never had they been so hungry before. Miles longed for Bridget, but he was too polite to tell Dale. That was before Dale caught a fish and cooked it over a fire he kindled by chafing a dry, pointed stick in a hole in a little square piece of wood that fired itself and then easily caught the leaves and moss he put near it.

At night they did not even sit about the fire and talk. Perhaps it was because their minds were in different places—Miles wondering in a kind of a fearful curiosity whether his father had succeeded on his mission, Dale wondering if Parahunt were as much of a mystery as he seemed. So they contented themselves with smiling at each other and then turning their backs for a long happy reverie before they slept.

The most amazing part of it all was that although Dale was nearly twice the age of the small comrade with him, he did not have to take care of him at all. Miles had been knocked about in stranger circumstances than many a full-grown man and he had long since ceased to be a baby. Afterward they re-

membered the five lazy, lingering days as days of utter happiness and content. Then came the end of the journey, with scenes opening before them that were stranger than any play that Miles had ever witnessed, and that were all vivid, familiar convincing memories for Dale.

The village was more like a white man's town than Miles had dreamed it would be. A part of the woods had been cleared so that it looked as if a great field had been made in which the forty or fifty small houses clustered. They were like arbors, made of small, springy branches, bowed and tied and then covered over with mats or the barks of trees. They were a far gayer sight than Miles had been prepared for. The only touch of dreariness was the brown, cloudy smoke that came from the tiny hole in the top of the roof. The small boy knew that there must be a great deal of that brown smoke that never came out of the hole at all, but swept clingingly around the stuffy interior. But how gay the mats were, stained red from strawberry dye and purple from the grapes! It was like the rude scenery of the poorer playhouses in London that always seemed gay to Miles just because they were colorful.

Then the emptiness suddenly struck the little newcomer.

"'Tis deserted," Miles cried, "they have all moved away."

"Nay, wait until we get closer," Dale smiled, "they are but waiting to see who we are."

"But I see no single sign of any human being," Miles persisted, nearly tipping the canoe in his endeavors to strain his eyes at the village on the shore.

Then suddenly it was mysteriously peopled, this village of mat houses. Women and children ran down to the shore to stare silently at the approaching canoe. The boys who knew Dale called forth strange words that Miles did not understand.

"I will tell them to dance for thee, as they do when prisoners are brought home," Dale laughed.

"Am I a prisoner?" Miles said in an anxious voice.

"Just my prisoner," Dale teased him.

So he called out another long word that made Miles feel distinctly out of the fun, for all the Indians laughed and some of them slipped their skin jackets off to show their shoulders painted a brilliant scarlet.

"Why, are they really as red as that?" Miles said in awe.

"Nay, nay," Dale laughed. "They paint themselves with oil and pocones mingled together."

Later other Indians came forth, dressed in snake

and weasel skins, with coronets of feathers on their heads and rattles in their hands. Miles watched with a mingled horror and admiration. It was all acting, of course, but the strange gestures they made and the horrid white circles around their eyes and red mustaches painted on their cheeks turned them into sinister figures as they sang and made incantations and gave forth wild shrieks of delight.

By the time Dale's canoe reached the shore, they had all disappeared again and from the largest house came forth an old, old man.

Dale leaped from the canoe and left Miles to pull it up on the shore. He ran up the grassy incline and knelt before the old man just as people of Jamestown knelt before Lord Delaware when he was on parade.

"He must be the King," Miles thought, as he saw how much finer were the skins that this old man wore, and how his headdress was embroidered with pearls and white beads. So, with one of his characteristic impulses, little Miles tore up the hill after Dale and he, too, kneeled before the old Indian.

Dale laughed, and to the amazement of Miles, the old Indian said in English:

"Well, boy, did Dale tell thee to kneel before Parahunt?"

From that moment Miles loved him, even as Dale

and all Englishmen who had ever met him did. Parahunt, the wise and the understanding, who spoke English as if it were a hymn, in slow, beautiful cadences, who ruled his small tribe of Indians by the laws of love instead of by the laws of greatness as the famous Powhatan did, who loved Dale and thought of him always as the child-messenger of the sun god who brought fortune to his village.

That night they feasted. The big black eyes of Miles grew heavier and heavier as he basked in the warm firelight, eating such venison as he had never tasted. The scene played tricks before his drowsy vision—color and strings of shining beads and Indian maidens who tossed their black hair and showed their white teeth in smiles—Dale's golden head shining like a bright crown in the midst of them—the all-seeing eyes of Parahunt looking from Dale to the fire and from the fire back again to Dale—red dots dancing in front of the sleepy eyes of Miles—golden and green moons coming out of each other until he could not count them all. And then he slept.

Again the village was deserted. At a sign from Parahunt they all disappeared silently into the arbor houses. A tall, strong-armed man lifted Miles as if he were a baby and carried him into a smoky doorway. The fire burned lower and its flames lit

the faces of two remaining figures, old Parahunt wrapped in his blanket and Dale with his uncovered head. For a long time they did not speak. Each seemed to find questions and answers alike in the fire, chasing elusive flames beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, like Dale's own life whose origin was mystery and whose future held no promise.

"Tired of them—down the river?" Parahunt said at last.

"No," the words came with difficulty; Dale did not want to seem disloyal, "no, there is much to be done there and when I am busy I scarce have time to think of growing tired."

"Who is the child?"

"Deserted by his father, he remembers no mother, a half-savage little fellow who has never seen anything save civilized London till now," Dale answered, unconsciously using the description that Master William Strachey had written in his big parchment record.

"Why hast thou come?"

It was like the old Indian to be direct, but Dale's fair skin flushed with confusion. Somehow it was hard to say he had come to find out things for himself. He remembered the last visit with Parahunt when he had told him he would come to see him

often. He had drifted a long way since. He was no longer lonely or homesick for the Indians. The empty pain in his chest that he had felt when he thought of them was never present any more. For a moment he almost said that he had come to see the old chief again, but it was no use lying to Parahunt. He knew everything, saw all with his brown, beady eyes and kept what he knew locked behind his straight uncurving lips.

"I have come to ask thee if thou hast kept anything that belonged to my father or mother."

It seemed for a moment that the very fire stopped its crackling, so silent did Parahunt become. Not even an eyelid quivered. It was as if he had heard no question and as if his stony face saw not the boy's eager, questioning look.

"Nay, they had naught with them. Their clothes had long since fallen into rags and they wore skins like our men and women wear. They might have been savages save for their golden hair."

"But, nothing,—you are sure? Oh, Parahunt, it maketh a world of difference to me now. I want to find out to whom I belong."

"Thou belongest to the sun god. It is enough," the old Indian's cold voice said.

Dale did not speak again. There was little use in continuing the conversation when Parahunt grew

stern. Yet he was not quite sure that the old man told the truth. He knew that there was one thing Parahunt loved more than he loved Dale—the sun god. Supposing Parahunt felt that giving up Dale to people in England was taking him away from the godly father the Indians had called his. Did Parahunt really think he was the child of the sun god?

The boy lay all night by the fire. He heard Parahunt go softly away. A little later a woman's hand touched him as a blanket was put over him. He did not open his eyes. He suddenly hated them all fiercely. It was like being caught in a trap. Their silence, their sealed lips, locked him out of knowledge of himself and kept him from happiness. He felt older than he had been the last time he was there. He saw a certain craftiness beginning to develop in himself. He could not find their secrets in an open way, so until he died he would fight them by their own sly methods.

When dawn came his feeling was to find Miles and start home without saying farewell. But he knew that he must pretend to believe Parahunt if he were ever to get beneath the old man's guard, and find out the secret he believed the old chief had locked in his heart.

The camp was soon a busy place. Fires were lighted and fresh fish browned over the flames.

Dale laughed and joked with his old playmates. When it came time for the departure he went to Parahunt before the others and said simply,

"I thank thee Parahunt for all that thou hast done for me. My heart is heavy that thou canst give me no news of my true *parentage*, and nothing that belongs to *them*, but 'tis a comfort to have the matter settled. I know if thou hast naught to tell me, none in this world can have, for thou wert the one who saved my mother and father, cared for them, guarded them and me. None in this world knew us as well as thee, and none but thee should have the eternal gratitude of the sun god."

The old Indian smiled a gentle, happy smile, and Dale was glad that he had said the nicest things he could, because Parahunt was old and only a few things could still bring him pleasure.

Miles gestured wildly to his new friends, of whose language he could make neither head nor tail. They smiled a little and offered him arrows and bits of flint as presents. He stuffed the pockets of his English suit full and followed Dale down to the canoe with dragging feet.

"Let's not go yet," he sighed.

"There is naught for us here," Dale said bitterly.

"Oh, but there is, plenty of food and presents and things," Miles insisted.

Dale did not answer. He slipped the light boat into the water. Miles stood defiantly for a moment watching the water curling on the shore, then he stepped into the canoe.

"Wait—I all but sat upon an arrowhead," he cried sulkily.

Dale hid a smile as he saw the small boy empty his treasures into the bottom of the boat.

"I must wave to them," Miles said with a swift return of enthusiasm as he saw all his presents.

Thus with the black-haired child gesturing as wildly as an Indian in a feast dance, Dale swung the canoe out of sight around the bend in the river.

They had gone steadily forward for nearly an hour before either spoke. Miles was cross because he had to go home so soon. Dale was filled with hopelessness as he thought of the futility of his quest. He might as well always think of himself as the child of the sun god, for so life had seemed to make him.

"I thought I saw an Indian back yonder," Miles said suddenly.

Dale paid little attention to the boy, for he had come to realize that Miles had a mind that delighted in imagining pictures that were dramatic and not necessarily true.

"Thou thinkest I am making it up," Miles turned around accusingly.

But Dale was not even looking at him reproachfully. He was watching in astonishment an Indian runner make his way through the thickets that grew on a hillside ahead of them. He paddled swiftly forward and when he reached the spot where the bottom of the hill merged into the shoreline, there certainly was a red man waiting for them. The runner showed no sign of fatigue save that his brown chest was glistening with silver wetness in the sun, and the muscles in his bare legs rippled from the fearful activity they had been put through.

"Thou hast come from the camp. What for?" Dale said in the strange accents that Miles could not understand. "Thou are Catataugh."

The runner showed only by the light in his eyes that he was pleased at Dale's recognition. He delivered himself of his message swiftly.

"I have heard thy words with Parahunt. He keepeth one thing from thee. Thy father put a golden seal about thy neck at thy birth. Strange carvings were on it and the seal itself was a precious jewel, like transparent sunshine imprisoned. Thy father told Parahunt 'twas the sign of the sun god. One day the golden seal was gone. Thy mother and father questioned all of us. They thought that

during thy play it had dropped off and we searched for it in the woods and peered into the shallows of the water.

"None can say where it may be, but Parahunt knoweth that a golden seal is more enduring than life itself. He loveth above all else his tribe and he believeth above all else, as indeed I believe also, that the sun god has brought fortune to us. Who knows but that the golden seal is kept by Parahunt? Why else has he not pursued thee and brought thee back to us? Only because he needed thee not. He had the sign of the sun god still!"

The Indian was gone. Miles broke out impatiently.

"What was he saying? I'll learn their old language yet if thou wilt only teach me, then thou canst not have secrets from me."

"If there is a secret," Dale cried passionately, "that secret shall no longer be kept from me."



CHAPTER TEN

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS

THERE are times in every ordinary life when events seem to stand still, when days fade into new days until they have merged into a stretch of weeks differing little from each other. If Jamestown had had a "starving time" during that period before Lord Delaware's arrival, they had had a "waiting time" since.

No one knew this better than the Governor himself, who paced the floor of his room night and day trying to plan great improvements, trying to make Virginia a little England. But as soon as he had a plan half made, the fever would return. He would fight it bravely for a day and then hide his head gladly in his pillow while good Doctor Bohun told him sternly there was naught for him to do but to go back to England since he could never recover from this strange malaria until he received certain medicines and care that could not be had in Virginia.

Sometimes the words of the earnest little doctor

were sweet to the sick man, but often he met them rebelliously. His conscience told him he must stay with the Colony. It was his duty as a soldier. But his heart longed for England, and the endless illness tormented him, plagued him, drove every resolve from him until he was like a weak child.

Nancy had at last learned the Governor's secret. She saw that all his proud ways had been only an effort to bring a part of England's royalty, England's system of classes into Virginia. As the days went on, the little girl saw that the Governor was more like her father's friends than she had ever dreamed. He teased her; he told her wistfully how he had wished to make Jamestown a great plantation with houses upon the outskirts that were not log huts but beautiful estates with rambling wings and gables and porches; he remembered to ask her about her playmates and the affairs of her young life.

She told him that Dale thought he had a trail to follow in the search for his lost name. She told him how Miles made Bridget wring her hands with despair at his naughty ways, but that he was a splendid comrade anyhow. Sometimes Lord Delaware was like her father had been, insensible to her words, hearing them with a vague contented look in his eyes that usually meant he did not answer

her questions when it was time for him to reply.

Then came Christmastide to break the monotony, and with the holiday were grape wine, green boughs cut from the living firs, and Yuletide logs that were bigger than those from English forests. Bridget and Mistress Anne and all the other matrons of the Colony baked strange and wonderful cakes whose recipes had been handed down for generations in homesteads across the sea. Dale, who had never before seen Christmas celebrated in just this way, listened to the story of the Christ child like a young pilgrim who first hears of an ideal, like a crusader who first knows the meaning of his journey. Christmas!—with Miles quoting long stretches of a Miracle play. Christmas!—with Master William teaching them carols to sing the eve before; tapers to burn, puddings to eat, and plans for a great party at the Governor's house.

Lord Delaware was able to come to the party in spite of his illness. He no longer lectured the colonists. It was said that he was writing a long document to the Lords of the Council of Virginia in London explaining the troublous conditions of the Colony. Only good Doctor Bohun knew that the document said more than this. Only the highest men in office at Jamestown knew that Lord Delaware was deciding the momentous question this very

Christmastide of whether he would return to England or stay on as he had been ordered and appointed—for life.

At last it was Christmas Eve. The weather was bright and clear with a tang of frost in the air that made the fireplace a welcome sight. When the early night came, all the children of Jamestown went forth to the market place. Here Mistress Anne passed them half-burned tapers from a big basket. They could not have new ones, for always must the wise women of the Colony plan ahead in case the next ship due from England should be late. The candles lit, like fireflies in the night, the little group of children filed slowly from house to house, singing joyously.

“God bless you merry gentlemen!”

Their thin voices wavered and the candles sometimes flickered and died in the night wind, but it was carol-singing for all that and they might have been in England. It was always their wish to make Virginia as like the land of King James as they could. So it was that everyone in Jamestown tried his best to make this Christmas like those they remembered from the past.

Dale had no other Christmas to look back upon. It was thrilling and beautiful for him, packed with the mystery of the story of the white man's God,

and strangely resembling a savage feast day when Bridget brought forth her plum pudding and when the Governor carved a brown turkey. He knew that he would always hear the echo of the carols as they had been sung that night, frail, happy songs trembling in the darkness as the sweet childish voices rang out. His mind was like a shell that held the reverberating song of the sea long after leaving its shores. He had but to listen to hear the mournful war cry of the Indians of the great Powhatan, as distinct as if it rolled forth from the woods in back of Master William's house.

Perhaps Nancy was the least gay. It was hard to forget Broxley Hall on her first Christmas away from it, hard to forget the wonderful dolls brought up from London, her mother's delight at her father's surprises for them—shimmering velvet for a party gown, a new horse in the stables. After dinner all the people from the village beyond the hill would come to the great Hall for a party. Not unlike this party at the Governor's house, she said to herself bravely, but it only made her more homesick than ever.

Miles was the one who really saved the day. He practiced magic before their very eyes, making his handkerchief disappear into thin air, sending his voice under Mistress Anne's prim petticoats and out

of the Governor's own mouth. He turned hand-springs, quoted Shakespeare, told riddles, and when the taffy-pull began, he juggled great balls of it in the air without dropping a bit.

For days that Christmas feast was on its way—and now it was gone. The turkey was a tattered bird of bony structure, the pudding a humble mass of crumbs, while Bridget sighed at the sight of her empty cupboards. But what a memory for the stretch of winter nights that followed! It put new faith in all the colonists. If they could make an English Christmas in far-away Virginia, perhaps they could make an English village there too.

Lord Delaware now began an investigation of the Colony's food supply. For weeks there had been vague fears among the women that another "starving time" was on the way. Nancy whispered it to Dale one day with a look of horror in her big eyes.

"Imagine! Should we have to live upon berries alone?" she cried.

Dale had not shown half the attention the small maid thought he should. He was so used to finding food in the woods and streams he could not think that starving was a possibility. But the English were not as clever as the Indians. No one knew this more surely than Lord Delaware.

The storehouse, however, showed far greater promise than he supposed it would. Captain Argall had but lately returned from an expedition and had added corn and four hundred bushels of wheat, as well as peas and beans. These had been obtained by trading copper, lead, hatchets, knives, and bells with the great king of Potawomeck. The Governor estimated that they were quite safe for another ten months and his directions sent over with Sir Thomas Gates had been for a ship to come to the aid of the Colony sometime in March.

"Then there is naught to prevent thee from leaving the Colony," good Doctor Bohun said to Lord Delaware one cold night when the Governor had suffered all day from painful rheumatism. "Everything is safe and well cared for here."

"Oh, but I feel 'twould be a cowardly act indeed," cried poor Lord Delaware, "though to stay here means becoming an old man of ninety or more as far as my legs are concerned."

"Be not bitter, thy legs will be as good as ever if thou wilt only go back to England. In fact, I can promise thee no hope of recovery shouldst thou stay. Perchance we could go to the Indies and give thee the sharp acid of lemons and oranges but I fear 'twould be only a brief recovery. As soon as thou

returned to Jamestown thou wouldst be sick again."

"Thou art not an encouraging physician," Lord Delaware said ruefully.

"But I tell thee the truth. Come now, think upon it," said the old Doctor.

At dawn the next day the Governor awoke with dreams of England tantalizing him and the dull throbbing pain in his limbs that made him know each day he was no better than the day before, in spite of the bad-tasting medicines he had swallowed.

"Nancy!" he called impatiently.

In a moment he heard the child's bare feet pattering on the bare floor. She appeared in the doorway, a slim, shivering figure in her short flannel nightgown, her tumbled curls giving her a surprised look, quite different from the demure Mistress Wainman who walked erectly into church on Sunday mornings.

"What is it?" she asked him in amazement.

"Dost thou want to go to England?" the Governor said.

For a moment the room tipped before her startled eyes. She forgot how funny Lord Delaware looked with his flannel robe buttoned up to his brown bearded chin. She saw, instead of his rude bed, the magnificent four posters with canopy tops at Brox-

ley Hall, and silver candlesticks and real oil paintings.

"Let me th—think about it," she cried, bursting into a storm of tears.

"Why—why—why," shouted the bewildered man, "what is the matter?"

"'Twas so sudden," Nancy sobbed, sitting down on a small footstool by his bed, her bare feet huddled beneath her nightgown to keep warm.

"Nancy—Nancy—thou wilt catch thy death of cold and we'll have another malaria in the house," came the sound of Bridget's voice from the other room.

"Thou hadst better go," Lord Delaware said fearfully, for even he bowed before the almighty ways of Bridget. "Don't tell her I called thee."

Nancy smiled at him through her tears and shook her tumbled curls vigorously.

"I'll think about—England," she murmured with quivering lips.

"Now that's funny," mused Lord Delaware. "I thought she'd jump with joy. Perchance Virginia getteth more hold on a person than one imagines. I know that I shall want to write down all the reasons that made me return, for those in England to read, lest they think I disliked it here."

"I cannot think what mischief thou wert up to," Bridget was saying to Nancy as she hurried her down the long hallway to the kitchen where a pot of water boiled vigorously on the hearth.

"Hot mustard and water for my feet in the morning?" Nancy cried with dismay.

"Certainly, didst thou think I'd wait until to-night when they had been warmed again?" said Bridget severely.

"But they're all right—not even pink, Bridget."

"They will be pink though."

Pink they were as if she had painted them red with beet juice. She sat there beside the hearth hating Bridget most heartily for making her feel so uncomfortable. And now there was a new problem. For months she had thought if she could but go back to Broxley Hall all her difficulties would be settled. Now she could go if she wanted to, and she didn't know if she did want to. Oh, how very confusing. She sighed and blinked her eyes so that tears came. It was easier to feel sorry for oneself with tears present.

"There, there, darling," Bridget fairly wrung her hands when she saw she'd made the child cry.

"But I'm not exactly crying about my feet in mustard and water, Bridget," she protested honestly, and then she wept in earnest, leaning against

Bridget's fat, comfortable self and wishing ardently she had never left England at all.

The morning passed slowly. She sewed three patches on the quilt that Mistress Anne had started her upon. Miles called to her to come and play in the woods but she shook her head so positively that he ran away frightened, thinking she was perhaps getting as stern as Bridget and Mistress Anne. She ate her lunch dreamily and did not take Lord Delaware his tray as she was used to. Instead she walked down to the beach and watched the cold water, a gray reflection of the winter sky. She had not been there long when she heard Dale's whistle. He came striding down the big hill, his fair hair blowing and an expression of peace and happiness on his face.

"Thou lookest like a thunder cloud, Nancy, has the rain god bewitched thee?"

"I'm not crying," said Nancy indignantly, "the wind hath stung mine eyes."

"Well, why dost thou walk here in the wind instead of staying in by the warm fire to-day?" said Dale kindly.

"Perhaps I'm going to England," Nancy said slowly.

"Oh, don't go," Dale cried.

"But 'tis cold and unhappy here," Nancy brooded.

"Lord Delaware hath decided to give up and go home. He leaveth Captain Percy as Governor Deputy or Deputy Governor or some such title, I heard him say."

"But soon the winter will be gone, and what a spring we have in Virginia, Nance. Flowers and red strawberries and warm sunny days. We could play all day in the woods and thou knowest I have yet to find the golden seal that belonged to my father. Thou wouldst not want to go to England before I knew who I was," he begged.

"But Sir Thomas Gates is there and all his children, and Lady Delaware would take care of me I guess, because I'm her husband's ward," Nancy said somewhat importantly.

"Sir Thomas Gates is coming back in the summer," Dale reminded her. "And Nancy," the boy's voice was serious, "if such as thee go off and forget Jamestown, there will never be a real colony of white men here. 'Twill be like the Lost Colony again; a few brave ones will linger on and then because the others have gone and left them alone, the Indians will come in and conquer those who stayed."

"Dost thou really think it maketh any difference if such a small maid as myself leaveth?" Nancy asked.

"It maketh a difference if anyone goes," Dale said seriously. "Think, if, when the next ship goes away, you stood and waved your hand to all of us running up and down the beach. We would all want to go too," he whispered shyly.

"Then, I won't go," she said with a sigh. "I did not really want to go back if I had to live with Lady Delaware. And Broxley Hall would be horrid if I went there alone. 'Tis best for Bridget and I to take care of Captain Percy now. Lord Delaware says there may be a different governor every month until Sir Thomas Gates arrives. If that be so, I will have to be there to show them where the ink is kept to write the official papers," she laughed.

It was hard to go into the dark sick room and tell Lord Delaware what she had decided to do. Doctor Bohun told her happily that he was going to travel with the Governor and that they were taking the journey in parts, first going to the Indies and then later were to be picked up by some other ship on its way to England.

"Is Bridget going?" asked Nancy in a small, frightened voice.

"Nay, good Bridget has promised to stay and take care of the Governor's house, no matter how many governors it has in it," smiled Lord Delaware.

"Well, I think I'll stay with Bridget," Nancy whispered.

The two men looked at her in amazement.

"Thou dost not want to go back to England where there are pretty clothes and dolls for thee and Lady Delaware waiting to be thy mother?" said Lord Delaware in surprise.

She shook her red curls without answering him.

"But why?" the good Doctor blustered.

"I do not want to run away from Virginia," the little girl said. "My father called this land the King's treasure. If we all go and leave it, Dale says 'twill belong to the red men again."

"And so it will," said Lord Delaware, groaning with pain as he half rose to pat the little girl proudly. "Nancy, carry on the English tradition here. Never, never give up, as I am giving up."

"But thou wilt find work again in England that is just as important," Nancy soothed him. "And perhaps 'tis fate. Thou came here to be Governor and Sir Thomas Gates was forced to give thee his position. No one loveth Virginia more than he does, Cousin, and he is coming back again. I pray thee to speak to the London Company that they may make him Governor again."

"That I will do, Nancy, and remember, if thou ever changest thy mind, we are waiting for thee."

“Perhaps I shall visit thee,” she smiled at him.

And not once did she regret her decision, even when the small vessel set forth with the pale-faced Governor upon it. Nancy stood on the high hill, her red curls blowing, her handkerchief waving, and the wind could not have been stinging her eyes, for they were quite dry.



CHAPTER ELEVEN



ANOTHER GOVERNOR ARRIVES

CAPTAIN PERCY was not like a governor at all. His happy and somewhat care-free disposition prevented him from being stern. He let the colonists live indolent lives. For the first time, the streets of Jamestown were playgrounds. The men bowled and the children ran around like young savages, unschooled, undisciplined.

Some of the wiser heads of the Colony shook disapprovingly, but the good Captain Percy sat in the Governor's house telling his adventurous tales of the days when Captain John Smith was the hero. The brief two months of Captain Percy's office long remained a cherished and delightful memory that made even the best men of Jamestown look back with guilty satisfaction.

Conditions changed suddenly. Out of the mists of the Chesapeake loomed a great ship one day. There had been several visiting ships since Lord Delaware's departure. They had been merchant boats bound for the Indies that had stopped to

see the Colony of Jamestown whose fame was now the talk of all England. One of these had been sent to pick up Lord Delaware. But none of these smaller boats had been of more than a momentary interest. The men who sailed them knew little of the affairs of the nation and cared less about the affairs of the Colony.

Thus, when a great ship made its way carefully up the river, the little town nearly went wild. It was as if his Majesty had come himself to greet them. Only Captain Percy shrugged his shoulders regretfully, and turning to Master William said:

“Get forth thy quill, Master William, thou stayest Secretary of the Colony through thick and thin, but governors change by the hour. I fear me that my term is ended. It looketh as if Lord Delaware has reached England and sent yon boat back at once with a suitable governor upon it. Our holiday is over.”

Master William looked a little shocked at the light words of Captain Percy. In private, he had been wishing the very thing that the Deputy Governor had just said to him. He felt a little uncomfortable, as if his thoughts had been read.

“Nay, nay, I am sure thou art wrong,” he said hastily, hoping sincerely that he wasn’t.

The great ship made its way to the shore, and

soon a messenger in the uniform of the King's guard bowed low before Captain Percy as he handed the Deputy Governor a roll of parchment.

Captain Percy's rough hands unrolled the document. For a moment he read slowly, then with a smile he called forth in a loud and somewhat mocking voice:

"The new Deputy Governor is upon yon ship. His name is Sir Thomas—Dale."

A wave of disappointment swept through the crowd. When he said Sir Thomas they had all hoped it was the great and gallant Sir Thomas Gates.

"Deputy Governor, thou sayest," old Master William cried, his trembling fingers hastening to record the news in a small book he carried around with him.

"Aye, perchance he will have news of who is to be the real Governor," Captain Percy said disinterestedly.

"I've heard he is the hardest man that ever came to Virginia," muttered a tall young fellow sadly.

"Aye, they say he worketh everyone he seeth to the bone," sighed another.

"Not like Captain Percy. Oh, but we were finding many a good bowler among us that we never would have suspected."

So Sir Thomas Gates had not come on this ship. Nancy hid her disappointment. Of course he was not expected until summer, but she had thought—perhaps.

Dale was not as brave as she. Of course he wanted to hear what had been found in England, whether the papers and books and maps from the chests on the shores of Roanoke had contained ought of interest to him; whether Captain White had seen fit to save them. He kicked the loose sand and hung his head so that Nancy would not see his tears.

But Nancy saw him not, nor did anyone. Every eye was on the great ship now anchored on the shore. The wind blew, the waves dashed, and one after another groups of Englishmen happily made their way to land. What a chorus of joy! Here were relatives and friends, new blood for the Colony. This indeed was no merchant vessel stopping for trade alone. A small city seemed to come off the vessel, for each family found an old friend. London had indeed discovered Jamestown.

At last the Captain of the ship and the new Governor were the only ones who had not landed. An uncomfortable silence swept over the happy crowd. They stood self-consciously on the beach, twisting

their hands, craning their necks, half-eager, half-hostile as they awaited Sir Thomas Dale.

At last they saw the keen, slim man who was to rule them. He bounded lightly to the beach. There was not a person who watched him who did not feel the power of his personality. He swept past the crowd and stood for a moment looking at the little town of Jamestown. Captain Percy lazily followed the new Governor's gaze. It was all over in a moment but each knew what the other was thinking.

"They needed a holiday," Captain Percy eased his conscience.

"Percy has let them grow stale; the plantation of Jamestown looks like the river banks of the Thames," thought Governor Dale.

The band played; men knelt and prayed. The new Governor and the old went toward the Governor's house together as if they were the best of friends. The children of the Colony were wild with joy at the sight of pigs and goats and even horses that had been sent over from England.

Few saw Governor Dale pull the beard of Captain Newport, the most lovable mariner in the whole of the King's navy.

"I shall start a new era—it shall be known as the 'working time'," said the Governor.

"Go easy with them, easy with them; 'tis no simple time they have had here, and none know better than they themselves that they are aiding the King by staying."

"Laziness is never happiness for long," the new Governor said vigorously. "The tumble-down houses shall be rebuilt; new forts must be erected along the river; every colonist at Jamestown must be put to work."

Captain Newport shrugged his shoulders and shook his head disapprovingly.

"Thou art striking too quickly, boy," he said.

But nothing was too quick for Sir Thomas Dale. By the following evening every man in Jamestown had a plan in his hands of the work that the new Governor had ordered. There was much grumbling, much dissatisfaction. A few were interested, but by nature man is not a builder when what he has seems sufficient to him. The climax came on the third day when a meeting of the whole Colony was called, to be held in the market place at noontime. No one guessed that there would be anything of interest said. No one thought there would be anything save projects and plans, and indeed that is how it all began.

"The fault with thy houses is that they were built with unseasoned timbers," said the cold, intelligent

voice of the new Governor. "Repairs will be made at once. A stable must be erected, for horses will be brought out from England on every ship that sails henceforth; a munition house is needed; a wharf upon which to land our goods safe and dry; more blockhouses, storehouses, and forts at Henrico and Charles City and at Point Comfort to guard the mouth of the river."

They listened sullenly. Some stirred as if to go, but the dynamic figure of Sir Thomas Dale held them against their will. Perhaps his discipline was really not as severe as it seemed to them that hot sultry day in May when they gave up their dinner hour for a town meeting. Perhaps it was all because they had not been governed for many months. Lord Delaware's illness had cut short his rule, while Captain Percy was one of them, an adventurer with a string of rollicking stories to his credit. This new man had not the sympathy and strength that Sir Thomas Gates had, so all that he said was like the icy commanding voice of a schoolmaster in the midst of unruly, savage-hearted children.

There might have been a mutiny had not the Governor himself saved the day. No one shall ever know if he recognized the undercurrent of stormy unrest that had greeted his words ever since he started. But all at once his manner changed. He

leaned forward with the attitude of a story-teller, his eyes shining, his voice warm with excitement, and he confided to them a matter of great moment. The change was gradual, like the slow ebbing of a threatening storm, a lighting of a dark sky without the expected rain, the gradual flattening of wild waters as the wind dies away. Not a man, woman, or child could help himself. They were all swept into an absorbed attention as they heard the Englishman's story.

"Before my departure an event occurred in England which is of high importance to thee. A letter, intercepted from Velasco, the Spanish Ambassador, to King Philip III of Spain, had in it the following sentence, 'This King'—meaning your King—'sent last year a surveyor to survey that Province'—meaning Virginia—'and he returned here about three months ago and presented to King James a plan or map of all that he could discover, a copy of which I send Your Majesty.' The map was not enclosed. We were forced to let the letter go to the Spanish King that he might not suspect we knew that he had a spy in our court, and we have never found out who the spy was, or who carried the map of Virginia to Spain."

Gabriel Hooker had succeeded! Sir Thomas Gates had not fulfilled his commission then.

"Do they think that the map was copied on the way across the ocean or after it reached the King of England?" asked Master William.

"After it reached King James," Sir Thomas Dale answered.

"Then those men of ours who guarded it did not fail in their duty?"

"Nay, but someone must have pointed out to Spanish spies in England the man who bore the map, and in the changing of hands from the bearer to the King's men, it must have been seen by some Englishman who hides a treacherous heart. He, in turn, reported it to the Spanish government."

And those who had heard the story of little Miles saw that all this fitted into his tale. Gabriel Hooker was the man who followed the map like a hunter with his nose to the scent. Gabriel Hooker was the man who whispered its whereabouts into the ears of some great man in England who wore his false colors without suspicion.

"Ye have not guessed, perchance, how the stealing of the map affects you," the cool, steady voice of the Governor continued.

They lifted puzzled eyes to him. Nay, none save a few wiser ones had guessed.

"It meaneth that Spain knows the entrances into Virginia better than she had ever dreamed of know-

ing them. We may expect the arrival of spies somewhere along the river at any time. The Colony is in constant danger. That is why I order you to build forts and to strengthen your position here so that the English King may consider ye an established village and not just a few scattering adventurers who have camped here in a half-hearted fashion."

The whole aspect of affairs in Jamestown was turned in that noon hour. The hot sun beating down on the market place, the white dust stirring in the first light breezes of early summer, the Governor standing there, erect and merciless, formed a picture that was not forgotten for many a long day.

The colonists saw in a new light their comfortable homes, saw the danger of loosened boards and broken chimneys. And always, faintly oppressive, there was the thought of giving up Virginia to Spain. They didn't really believe they would ever have to; they didn't really suppose that spies would ever come to their shores; but there had been an ominous note in the Governor's cold words that seemed born of the truth, if only for its very unpleasantness.

Slowly the people drifted back to their noonday dinner. There would be no bowling that afternoon. In the Governor's house a Council made its plans

for the immediate beginning of reconstruction. The only place that remained undisturbed by the vigorous newcomer was the dark woods, fragrant with spring flowers, flecked with sun and shadow,—the favorite spot of Miles and Nancy and Dale. After their dinner they came to their meeting place, full of the astounding news of the map, eager to talk together.

“Master William sayeth that I must work too,” Dale said with a look of pride in his eyes, “so I can’t come and play with thee much longer like this, Nancy.”

“I am glad I have not become a man,” Miles murmured lazily, rolling his black head on the green moss.

Nancy frowned at the bright sky, chewed thoughtfully upon a wintergreen leaf, and then smiled happily.

“When Sir Thomas Gates arrives I shall get him to appoint thee my guard; then thou wilt not have to spend thy days putting logs together.”

“But I want to,” Dale said in surprise.

Nancy tossed her curls disdainfully, but it was hard to be angry on the day when they had most to talk about.

“What dost thou really think of the map?” she said eagerly.

"Perchance the very man it was given to could not be trusted," Dale answered.

"Aye, whoever 'tis who employed my father is a great man and he weareth an English uniform; that much I know," Miles said.

"I heard the Governor telling Captain Percy that the letter from the Spanish Ambassador was in cipher; they got the cleverest men in England together in hardly an hour's notice to work upon it."

"And then to find that the map was not enclosed. 'Twas a clever and careful plan Velasco must have had to get the copy into the hands of the Spanish King safely."

"I almost wish I could go to England," Nancy sighed, her eyes shining. "Think of seeing the sly Ambassador!"

"Why don't they put him out of office I wonder," Dale mused.

"I heard Sir Thomas Dale tell why. He said 'twas because he was to be used as a decoy. If they can watch him without his knowing it they will be able to find out perchance where the spy is who tells him these things of importance about Virginia."

"I think 'twill be a hard life we'll lead, Nancy, with that man in the house," sighed Miles.

"Bridget sayeth we must behave like ladies and gentlemen," Nancy said forlornly.

"But we can always be watching for spies," Dale encouraged them. "Think, while all the men in the Colony are at work, even I," he added proudly, "who will there be to keep an eye out? Now that there are a hundred newcomers, we could never be sure if one more stranger had slipped into town from the woods."

"How could he get here?" Nancy asked scornfully.

"Easily as can be—land his boat downstream when it is dark and then come creeping and sneaking nearer and nearer till he is here," Miles said dramatically.

"Well," the little girl admitted grudgingly, "'twill be something to do when the days grow long."

But the days did not grow long for Nancy. When the building began she found to her amazement there was work for her to do too. Sir Thomas Dale was not like Lord Delaware. He did not think that any maiden in Jamestown should put on the airs of royalty. He bade Bridget dress Nancy in brown homespun and let her join with the little daughters of Cobbler Timothy and Journeyman Tom in gathering straw for the bricks, in carrying dinner to the men so that they need not stop to go home, and in many more tasks that proved to be more fun than drudgery.

They admired the new Governor and at last were willing to work as he wished them to, but he commanded none of the love that Sir Thomas Gates had won and they looked forward to the day when another fleet would arrive from England. Had it not been for the newcomers, the interlude of quiet might have sent the original colonists back to England, discouraged.

But there was always a tale to tell to some Londoner that made his eyes start from his head. Indians were made more savage than ever before as the words of the story-tellers became more colorful; the perils of wild beasts and winter and starvation were as realistic to the new arrivals as if they had experienced their horrors. But always the restlessness and the vague wish that the Indians might even attack them were there, and the constant outlook for spies from Spain occupied many idle moments. Jamestown was tired of being a snug, busy little English hamlet in the wilds of Virginia.

CHAPTER TWELVE



THE SPANISH SHIP

BEYOND the jagged, rocky land of Point Comfort lay the great Bay. Many of the men who had come from Jamestown by the order of the new Governor to stand guard here and to build some slight fortification had never seen the slate gray sea since their ship from England first entered the Chesapeake on its way over. They had stayed close to Jamestown, afraid of the Indians and the mysterious woods; perchance, afraid of the sea and its everlasting beckoning.

There must have been something of the last in their hearts, for now that they saw again the wide rolling waters, the calling surf, the curving horizon that concealed fair England beyond, they could not work. Up and down the jagged rocks, carrying logs for the small palisade that they were supposed to build merely for its effect of strength, they walked with listlessness. Time and tide, the two ungovernable facts of life, continued relentlessly upon their divine schedules, while the palisade grew

slowly, an awkward ugly thing disfiguring the crags of Point Comfort.

And Dale, who had never been beyond the curving horizon, eyed it as longingly as the others. He had never been so eager to voyage on. The Bay was everything that was mystery. The sound of the surf called him all night long, and he arose each day more weary than when he had gone to bed. For the first time in his life he became a brooding, absorbed figure. But he was not quiet inside. A continuous agitation throbbed in his breast; sometimes he felt like the screaming, rushing gulls that swept like mad things into the foam. He found himself walking so near the edge of the sea that the water lapped his feet, and his comrades laughed at him for being absent-minded.

"Dost thou think thou canst walk on the water like a saint?" cried old Timothy sacrilegiously.

He hung his head in shame. But nothing stopped him from looking at the water. Its very emptiness made him nervous. He was possessed with the thought that some day it would not be empty and he wanted to be the first to see what manner of enchantment would come sailing out of the mists.

Sometimes he missed the children. If he could have heard Nancy's laughter or the mischievous chatter of Miles he would have lost his seriousness.

But instead he heard the droning voices of old men who sang against the roar of the waves as they worked all day, and he saw the grim faces of young men who thought of mistakes of their youth that had forced them to leave pleasant England for this lonely place. Point Comfort seemed a long way from Jamestown; in fact, it seemed apart from all the world.

Then one day a cry went up from the men who worked on the fort that guarded the mouth of the river. A ship was scudding the waves, moving with swift grace across the waters of the Bay toward Point Comfort. It flew a strange flag and the men from Jamestown shivered and wished they had built the flimsy palisade of stronger timber. In great excitement they hurried down to the rocky shore, holding their guns in readiness. A shot was fired from the boat but as no others followed they knew it was but a salute to their ship anchored in the harbor. A small sloop was launched and ten or twelve men descended into it, all bearing muskets.

As soon as the colonists saw that this sloop was directed toward their shore, they hurried behind the earthworks they had been building for a consultation. John Clark, an English pilot who had been sent to head the company of workmen at Point Comfort, remained on guard in full view of the incoming

boat. He saw to his amazement that only three men landed, all bearing weapons. The sloop then pushed off from the land and went back toward the boat.

"The only sensible thing to do is to capture these three and see what they have to say for themselves," said Master Clark, giving orders for fifty of the colonists to come forth from the shelter in three separate detachments.

They rushed forward as he had commanded and it was a simple thing to disarm the three bewildered newcomers and to carry them into the temporary fort. Here Master Clark questioned them for an hour. Only one man spoke English. He said that his two companions were Spanish, Don Diego de Molina and Marco Antonio Perez. His own name he gave as Francisco Lembri and he called himself the pilot.

"What dost thou on these shores?" said Master Clark sternly.

"A harmless errand indeed," replied the man haughtily. "We seek the run-away ship *Plantation*, sailing somewhere along this coast without a rudder and with a broken mast."

Further questioning only strengthened the story of the pilot. He told many details of how they had explored every inlet on the whole coast of "la

Florida"; told how this ship had on it a great deal of ammunition which was badly needed. The men of Jamestown had no reasonable excuse to doubt the story, but they had been keyed to a pitch of expectation by Governor Dale. They knew not who might be a spy sent out by Spain, and the very fact of a whole outfit of Spaniards staying out on the anchored boat and sending these three men in to shore for no other reason than that they had seen a small boat anchored in the harbor and thought it might be *The Plantation* was highly suspicious.

An hour passed, and suddenly a guard cried that a man was swimming from the large boat to the shore. Searching the waves, they saw indeed the sleek wet head of a dark Spaniard, making a fair headway against the foamy breakers. At once the three prisoners were surrounded by a special guard of ten men. They held their arquebuses high so that the swimmer saw and turned back again toward the boat. At last John Clark, who had called loudly for the master of the ship to come on shore, saying he would be well treated and that no harm would come to him, said in discouragement:

"Faith, I know not what to do. The master of yon ship will not even come on deck. 'Tis my duty as the commander of this fort to go out and speak with him, else what can I say to the Governor when

he asks me for what purpose the ship came? I cannot quote the words of the prisoners, for their words may very well be lies."

In a small bark the English pilot, John Clark, went out to meet the shipmaster. As Clark approached, the sloop was again let down and several sailors came out to meet him. He said that he desired to speak with their captain. They took him into their ship and the captain came forth, a tall man with a bearded face and piercing eyes. The small English boat rocked back and forth in the swell below, guarding and waiting, while John Clark said to the Spanish captain:

"Bring the *caravela* nearer to the fort; the waters are deep enough. Come on shore with as many companions as ye will, and ye shall be well treated."

The master laughed harshly and with a gesture ordered John Clark bound and made prisoner. The English guards below saw their pilot try to jump into the sea but he was seized and carried into the cabin. There was naught to do but return to the fort.

Here vast anxiety tortured the minds of the good colonists. Nothing was more horrible than losing a comrade and it seemed fairly certain that the Spaniards would hold the English pilot prisoner until they were delivered of the three men who had come

from their ship to the shore in so highly suspicious a manner. All night the fires burned at Point Comfort and old and young alike sat fearfully beside the flames. Morning brought no plan save a further attempt to negotiate. A boat went out to the *caravela* with twenty musketeers in it, but without the three Spanish prisoners. When the captain saw this he shouted that he would not give up the Englishman unless the English surrendered Don Diego and his companions.

"Thou hast no right to keep the chief pilot of the English in this Bay and on the coast of 'Xacan' in bonds," cried Master Wentworth, an old white-haired man who had long served the English King.

"We shall fight thee," shouted the Spaniard.

At that moment there intervened one of those accidental happenings that are so momentous as to change all history. Who knows what might have occurred had there been a battle that gray day at Point Comfort, what strange negotiations might have resulted in the courts of England and of Spain, or what pawns would have been made of the hot-headed colonists and the stubborn Spanish shipmaster by suave ambassadors across the sea.

Instead, the shipmaster stopped his shouts. Out of the river came a small vessel, serenely sailing along with supplies from Jamestown for the work-

ers at Point Comfort. No one knows what the Spaniards thought, but they suddenly resolved to be off to sea. Clanging bells were heard, agile forms scurried along the decks, ropes fell into place, and the swirling sails were raised. Like a frightened phantom the boat vanished into the mists with all on board save Don Diego de Molina, Marco Antonio Perez and Francisco Lembri. And closely bound in the cabin of the Spanish boat was John Clark, the English pilot, who hid his face and closed his eyes with the weary knowledge that he had failed in his first command.

A messenger hastened to Jamestown to tell the Governor of the bewildering events that had happened on the sea coast. Sir Thomas Dale's face grew stern as he listened, but he ordered the three prisoners to be brought to him straightway, and kept his counsel from all about him. A tight-lipped man this new Governor, they thought. They shivered a little as they wondered what he must be thinking of them.

But the Governor was not thinking harsh thoughts. Instead, he pondered upon what extent of damage had been done. How much could the Spaniards wheedle or torture out of John Clark? Certainly information of much value concerning the site and conditions of the Colony. Should Spain learn that

Jamestown was not the strong, healthy village the colonists pretended it to be, might she not send people to supplant them? Back to Havana the *caravela* would certainly go. How soon must they fear results.

He had not a doubt that their tale of the lost ship *Plantation* was a myth, or else a very clever alibi planned by no less a person than King Philip himself or the subtlest minds of his court. If they could only be sure that there was an intentional plan to spy out the entrances into Virginia, the English and Spanish Kings would have to come into the open. King James could not admit that King Philip had the right to undermine English colonies. There would be a war—or negotiations that would rock Europe. But instead there was this uncertainty and the Governor would have to pretend to believe the Spanish spies until he heard from King James.

The three men were brought before him at evening when the Governor's house was brightly lighted and he could see clearly the faces of the two swarthy Spaniards and the man who spoke English. Francisco Lembri was the last to raise his head. When he confronted the steady eyes of the Governor he turned white.

"Ah—not long since was it that you served an English King?" said Governor Dale.

The man did not reply but he looked shiftily about and moved his hands uneasily.

“An English pilot gone into the service of Spain. I happened to hear Lord Digby mention his treachery some months ago. He was at one time in the West Indies but was said to have returned to Spain with valuable information some days before the Armada went out,” Governor Dale explained to his council.

“A double spy,” mused Captain Percy scornfully.

“With little chance of ought save the death of one,” cried Master Strachey.

The men were consigned to the fort until plans were made about the watch to be kept over them. Inside the Governor’s house the lights still burned.

“We are indeed in a difficult position,” said the Governor. “We are powerless to do anything with these prisoners because we must guard our own pilot, John Clark. The Spaniards will hold him as a ransom for their own men. ’Tis a position that the King of England will not thank us for.”

“We shall treat them like prisoners, of course,” said Captain Percy.

“Nay, not ‘of course,’ Master Percy. ’Tis a matter to be discussed,” the wise Governor replied wearily. “They will be watched, but I think that we cannot lock them up in irons since that implies

we are at war with Spain. We must do naught that will affect two great nations without the permission of their statesmen. Besides, the men cannot escape because there is no place to go. I think it best to let them join with our workmen and live as colonists. It may be months before there is a settlement about them."

Whatever the people of Jamestown thought of this, none could dispute the wisdom of the Governor's decision. Englishmen who loved England—they knew that she must be protected above everything else in the world.

So the three strange newcomers joined with Dale and Master Timothy and the others in the rebuilding of a stockade and in many smaller jobs on the various houses of the colonists. The Spaniards grew to know the different householders and they were treated kindly. Days went by and the three men became less and less of a curiosity. They were always with others, so they were only guarded at night, and the guards were most lenient, since, as the Governor had said, there was no place for their prisoners to escape to and any attempt would be fraught with a hundred horrors in the woods.

The English traitor, Francisco Lembri, had been told of all the dangers of the forest and it was supposed that he had told the Spaniards of them too.

Certainly there was no trouble now that the first excitement was over. The colonists had been nervous and upset waiting for the Spanish bird of prey to swoop down upon them. Now it had happened and thus far they were little the worse for it.

But a ship had sailed to Havana carrying with it a soldier of the English King; and soon the Spanish Ambassador would hear of the supposed outrage at Jamestown—the holding of three Spaniards without cause. Governor Thomas Dale often stopped his daily tasks to wonder fearfully what would come of it all.





CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE ARMORIAL ROLL

THERE will be many governors in the next few months," Lord Delaware had said, and now again his words were realized.

June and July were gone. The Colony was a trim little town. Fort Henry down the river was beginning to be populated by families that had moved out of crowded Jamestown. August with her sickle moon, long days and hazy warm nights was nearly ended,—August that cried for laziness instead of the eternal swing of hatchets. Far down the river came a white vessel—another—then more shapes until there was counted a fleet of six, the most that had ever come at a single time to Virginia.

Never did the colonists lose the thrill of the sight of voyagers from England. The people of Jamestown crowded the beach and sang and waved their flags in answer to the calls from the water. Every eye was fastened on the great strips of bunting that flew from the masts of the ships, that proclaimed them the pride of England.

"Who comes, who comes?" they called from the shore.

"Sir Thomas Gates, Governor of Jamestown, three hundred settlers, and one hundred cows," screamed the pilot against the cries of welcome. And no one thought of laughing at the odd mixture of Governor, people, and animals. One hundred cows and sheep and goats and hens were nearly as welcome as the colonists.

"We can have a cockfight!" cried one young sport.

Only the Deputy Governor was still. It was hard for him to give up the reins, though he knew that Sir Thomas Gates would still need his advice and counsel. Indeed, the two were the greatest friends, and Sir Thomas Gates had promised him in England to continue the new policy of strictness at Jamestown. But no one knew better than Sir Thomas Dale that Sir Thomas Gates would manage to be stern and still be loved in spite of it. Yes, he would watch the new Governor. It seemed suddenly quite worth while having the people shout with joy and affection at the approach of the man with smiling eyes.

"Nancy, I have brought you some sisters," called Sir Thomas Gates as he jumped quickly to the beach. Then he was gone and the eager child with

red curls saw him swept into the waiting crowd, pushed forward to the side of Sir Thomas Dale, laughter and love and greetings showered upon him.

Nancy sat quietly down on a big log and fastened her eyes on the incoming boats. She was quite sure that she would recognize Mary and Margaret and Elizabeth, the daughters of Sir Thomas. She finally decided upon two tall, fair-haired girls, who looked like the heroines of medieval fairy-tales, and a little girl near them. The older ones had the whitest skin and the slimmest waists she had ever seen, and when they turned their dreamy eyes to the young men of Jamestown, each youth hung his head and kicked the sand with his bare toes. At last one of them saw the little girl balanced on the log, leaning forward to look with eyes full of eagerness and curiosity.

"It's Nancy," and the youngest of the fair-haired girls smiled at her.

"Nancy Wainman, father's little friend?" asked one of the others, and then they came forward with the most pleased expression on their faces to greet her.

"I knew it was, I knew," Nancy cried, curtsying and flushing and smiling all at once.

And up on the hill old Master William ran with too great a speed for his old legs.

"What is it, Master William?" called one of the workmen who had not gone down to the beach.

"The arrival of *another* Governor," sighed the old Secretary as he hurried for his quill pen.

Leaves and flowers garlanded every house in Jamestown that night in August. Another step forward—three hundred newcomers—messengers that brought from England silver candlesticks, yards of bright calico, linens, and lace to brighten Virginia homesteads.

Nancy sat stiffly in her best ruffles with yellow ribbons in her hair and about her slender waist. Her cheeks grew pinker and pinker as she sat through the long supper hour. Lady Gates, a delicate little bird-like figure, looked helplessly about at her new home. Sir Thomas was happy and glad to be back; Nancy could tell that by the lights in his eyes. His two oldest daughters were still not quite sure whether they wanted to stay, but Elizabeth, who had at first been very shy, was now the most hilarious of them all. She was just Nancy's age and seemed glad that there were now *two* youngest ones for Thomas and Anthony, the two tall sons, to tease.

The household was now so much larger, that Miles was sent to live with another family. It seemed to Nancy that first splendid night that she

was back in England again. Dale and the Indians and the woods beyond were like a dim picture of the mind. The thin bright flames of the candles lit the silk dresses of the Governor's children and touched the gold on the uniform of young Thomas, who had just become a soldier of the King. Homely Bridget, hidden by the shadows, was like the rest of the familiar room, suddenly made different in the flickering light. It all might have been Broxley Hall, for there was talk of horses and of the new plays in London.

"Nancy, thou wilt never guess what Lord Delaware did after he left Jamestown," said the Governor.

"Why, did he not go home at once?" Nancy said in some surprise.

"Nearly at once, but he stopped at an Indian encampment and by his order an Indian boy was brought back to England."

"And he walked through the streets of London attracting more attention than a play-actor," cried Anthony.

"Is my guardian, Lord Delaware, in better health?" asked Nancy politely.

"Aye, he needed the air of England to make him better," said Sir Thomas.

"Father, can we ever have a ball here, and where

could we dance?" said Margaret, smoothing her soft yellow hair and thinking how pretty it was.

"A ball in Virginia? That indeed would be something new," scoffed young Thomas.

"I don't see why!" said Mary, joining her sister's side in the argument.

Nancy turned her head from one to another in amazement. It was long since she had seen a family of young people on intimate terms.

"Thou art frightening Nancy," laughed Sir Thomas.

They looked at her starry eyes and pink cheeks in surprise, and then they all laughed. So after that, Nancy laughed too. Long after she realized that this was the nicest thing about the new household—each member had discovered that laughter cures and ends an argument.

Nancy wanted to stay up all night. When the magnificent banquet ended, they all drifted into the biggest room in the house, which was the council room. Here Mary and Margaret danced around by themselves, their flowery dresses swirling. Nancy, a stiff, impressed figure, was frightened beyond words. She was afraid to get up and swirl her skirt. But Elizabeth didn't even want to.

"Aren't they silly?" she confided in Nancy shyly. "I'd rather run."

And Nancy, after one more wistful look, decided she would rather run too; it was much simpler.

The older people talked. Captain Percy drifted in after dinner, and of course Sir Thomas Dale was there. The conversation grew less and less interesting. Nancy's eyes ached from holding them wide open. Elizabeth had frankly dropped her head on her mother's knee. But when Lady Gates told them they must go to bed, they almost cried. Each one remembered a dozen things he wanted to say; Anthony was frankly rebellious, and Thomas, who was allowed to sit up until his father retired, watched them with an aloof, teasing smile that made Mary and Margaret stamp their pretty feet.

But bed was restful, and Bridget crept in to bid Nancy good night.

"There, my lamb, you won't forget me," the fat jolly lady said almost tearfully.

"Of course not, Bridget. Lady Gates has so many children of her own she can't very well have me too."

But Lady Gates did not forget Nancy. In the still, dark room she reached down and kissed the child's soft forehead, brushed her curls with her gentle hand, and then went away saying, "Good night, sleep soundly." Nancy was so pleased she thought she'd wake right up again to think about it,

but she didn't; she drifted away happily into a sleep that carried her in a smooth and winging flight from dark to dawn.

"I want to see Dale," Sir Thomas Gates said to Nancy the next morning.

"Oh!" Nancy's mouth was a round hole and without stopping to ask if there were good news or bad for her playmate, she flew out the door and across the lane to Master Strachey's house.

"Dale! Dale!" she called.

He was at the doorway in a moment, his tanned face a little pale, his fair hair tousled as if he had been ruffling it with his hands. Nancy stopped still in the pathway, suddenly realizing that the boy must have been waiting ever since the ship landed the day before for the news that Sir Thomas had brought.

"The Governor wants thee, Dale. He has had so many things to do," she half apologized.

Dale smiled at her a quick, tender smile when he saw she understood his impatience. He took her warm little hand and together they raced back to the Governor's house. Sir Thomas Gates was in the big council room, sitting at a great desk covered with many papers, when the two came to his doorway.

"May I stay?" Nancy gulped, still out of breath from running.

"Of course. 'Tis news for both of ye, I think, since Nancy knoweth as much about thee as thou knowest thyself, Dale, is it not so?"

"Aye, Nancy must stay," Dale said quickly.

"First, have you any news for me?" Sir Thomas asked. "Did you go to see Parahunt?"

Briefly Dale told him that nothing direct had come from his visit to Parahunt's encampment, but that he had been told by an old Indian who knew the boy's father that a golden seal had disappeared from Dale's neck where his father had tied it.

"He thinketh that Parahunt has kept the seal, as he believeth it was the sign of the sun god. That was what my father told them, perchance to protect me by playing upon their superstitious worship of the sun god."

Sir Thomas Gates had risen and he walked up and down excitedly. His eyes shone and his smile was the happiest they had ever seen.

"Why, then, my news is better than I thought it was for thee. I have done my part, perchance, after all. Now if thou canst only do thy part as well."

The two children looked at him completely mystified. He went to a small cabinet and drew forth an old black covered book much like the one that

Master William Strachey used for his records of the Colony. He opened it slowly and the two looked quickly at the pages over his shoulder. They saw a beautifully decorated seal at the top of every page and a column of delicate handwriting beneath.

"This is the book that I got from Sir Walter Raleigh that came from the chests on the shores of Roanoke. It is an Armorial Roll of the Lost Colony made by Captain White!"

"Oh, tell us quickly," begged Nancy, "what is an Armorial Roll, for goodness' sakes, and what clue doth it hold for Dale?"

"'Tis marvelously interesting," said Sir Thomas Gates. "For a long time, Englishmen have been proud of their coats of arms and had them engraved upon seals and armor as thou knowest. Many years ago an artist conceived the idea of making a beautiful collection of many armorial insignia. It became a common thing since the year 1245 and up until fifty years ago for Rolls of Arms to be made. The artist took narrow strips of parchment and after carefully coloring the seal of some prominent person of his day, wrote beside it the meaning of the insignia and the title of the owner.

"Now Captain White was an artist of more than little note and besides that a well-educated man. Perchance he had heard of the famous Caerlaverock

Roll, made in 1300, which recounted in Norman-French verse the incidents connected with the famous siege of a certain fortress by Edward I. This roll described the armorial bearings borne by all the princes, nobles, and knights that were there present. Captain White's fancy was caught by the idea we may suppose, and he began a roll like the famous one of Caerlaverock, with the founding of a colony in America for the incident, and the coats of arms of all people of importance in the colony for its content."

"Then the people who were part of the Lost Colony can be traced by their coats of arms?" Dale said slowly.

"Aye, and that was why I thought no clue could come of a list of some thirty names with mention of each individual's bravery and a picture of his seal. How were we to tell which seal belonged to Dale's father? Hence, how were we to find his name?"

"But—thou thinkest that perchance the seal that Parahunt has may match one of these?" the boy cried.

"Perchance is all we can say, Dale, but 'tis the most hopeful and most wondrous thing in the world that this book should have been saved and that thy father's seal is still in existence."

"If it is," Dale said, sighing fearfully.

"Of course it is," cried Nancy, "and it may match any one of them here—this unicorn—or yon eagle—and thou mayst be Earl of Dunhaven or Baron of—," she stopped as she saw Dale's eyes grow sad. "Do not fear. Parahunt will surely give thee the seal or let thee look at it so that thou canst see which one in the book is its mate. 'Tis like trying to match goods without having a sample, is it not? Thou mayst be duke or knight or earl, depending upon which seal in the book is chosen for thee."

They turned the pages of the Armorial Roll happily together. It was a marvelously interesting document. Eagles, lilies, a plough, a bridge, a griffin—the strangest combinations appeared together, and the rich colors proved that Captain White had practiced a real art in the making of the book.

"How didst thou get it?" asked Nancy, remembering that Sir Thomas Gates had seemed dubious about even seeing Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Raleigh hath strong friends," said Sir Thomas. "Letters were written about thee, Dale, and carried to him in the Tower in many unique ways—in a gardener's shoe, a gate-keeper's pocket—Sir Walter Raleigh would do anything on heaven or earth to trace the Lost Colony or to aid any member of it,

for he feeleth the responsibility, since he started and financed its going. His answer directed me to Lady Raleigh who took me to the chest that held all manner of things relating to Roanoke. A half a day's search and this resulted. A thin clue, indeed, until I heard Dale's story of Parahunt and the seal of the sun god. It all seemeth more than luck to me. 'Tis thy fate, perchance, Dale, writing itself half in England and half in this new part of her."

Then Sir Thomas Gates carefully put away the Armorial Roll. The two children went from the house walking on thin air. Mystery, tradition, beauty—all lay in the book they had just studied.

"Captain White must have loved England," Dale said softly.

"Aye, when thou art away from it it seemeth almost better than it really is," Nancy said thoughtfully. "Now think, for instance, how I ne'er as much as looked upon the coat of arms at Broxley Hall, and I all but wish it could be recorded in yon book now, near thine, wherever that may be."



CHAPTER FOURTEEN



A MASQUERADE BALL

SIR THOMAS GATES resumed the work upon the forts along the river. Governor Dale had conceived the right ideas of building up the Colony, but had not done it as tactfully as the happy-hearted veteran of Jamestown, the new Governor, was carrying it on.

With each new arrival from England, the news of Spain became more alarming. It was said that King Philip was informed of every new boatload that crossed the ocean—of how many people, of how many cattle, of how many supplies. The colonists at Jamestown did not want to give up or share their village now that it had made such strides forward. They were glad to work, for they saw that the stronger they looked the less eager Spain would be to start trouble with them.

The daughters of Sir Thomas Gates liked not the contrast of Virginia and England. For several days after their arrival, affairs were new enough

to entertain them, but soon they were tired of the sameness of things at Jamestown.

Finally, after much urging and planning, Sir Thomas Gates allowed them to send forth invitations bearing the seal of the Governor and ordering all the Colony to prepare for a great ball on the evening of the full harvest moon. It was to be a costume masquerade, and strangely enough, once the Governor had given his word, even he was carried away with the idea. He ordered the erection of a pavilion on the beach. For music there was to be any who could play an instrument, joined with the small band that had been sent over by the London Company to lend a regal aspect to the head of Jamestown.

All day the children worked, bringing flaming goldenrod and purple asters from the woods, while great boughs of red and golden leaves were cut by the eager young men until the pavilion was a bower that might have been in the castle grounds at Windsor. In the cottages the maidens sewed and cut and pinned costumes and masks for themselves and the men of their own household.

In the Governor's house there were many secrets. Bridget and Nancy were caged in one room for half a day and Nancy emerged with a smile and a pair of rosy cheeks.

"I've never kept a secret before," she said every time anyone asked her teasingly what she was going to wear.

"Elizabeth is going to be a —" Anthony's voice was stopped by a pillow and Elizabeth fought with him so vigorously he ended by running for his very life.

At last the long-awaited night came. Candles and pine torches were hidden beneath the leaves of the arbors and pavilion where they were protected from the breeze. The shadowy sand was crossed with mellow strips of moonlight that continued out on the water in paths of sparkling waves. Figures began to appear, stately ladies of the court in velvet and brocade, bedecked with jewels, soft ribbons in their hair, and laughing eyes hidden behind the small strips of black that masked them from the gay cavaliers who tried to peer into their faces.

Nancy, a yellow poppy in scalloped skirts and drooping petalled hat, tried to walk with the grace of the lovely ladies all about her, but her bright eyes roved jealously after the children who ran on the beach. If only someone would come and take her hand and bow before her romantically in the fashion of this young man or that who knelt before Mary and Margaret one after the other. But they seemed to know she was a little girl. Tears of disappoint-

ment came to her eyes. She was too dressed up to go and play with Miles, who had painted himself like an Indian and was giving the most terrifying war whoops up and down the beach, and she was not old enough to have handsome Captain Argall doffing his plumed hat to her.

No one saw the small figure disappear into the dark woods beyond the fort. She sat down on the soft bank of moss and cried right through her mask, the tears turning it into a soggy damp piece of silk. But soon the scene on the beach below her was too fascinating to miss. She propped her chin on her arms and watched with awe the graceful figures moving in a dance to the soft strains of music that floated softly on the night air. She could not distinguish one from another, but she knew that the highest officials in the town were there, and the Governor himself was perhaps bowing and circling. She supposed his daughters would have taught him how, for no one danced more beautifully than they.

Some of the lights flickered and went out, but the moon was so brilliant it swept the whole beach with its pale strange rays. Everyone looked silver down below her. The water was a shimmering diamond carpet. The music was a wistful, calling song. Nancy stood up suddenly. She wanted to go away

from the beautiful scene if she could not be a part of it.

"I'm all alone," she said to herself with her mouth quite ready to turn down at the corners. "No one's missing me." She said it enough times to make the tears come again. The mask was uncomfortable; she tore it off; and so was the petalled hat; it, too, fell to the ground. She turned her back on the gay dancing figures and stepped resolutely forward in the black woods.

She had hardly gone more than a few feet when she thought she heard the stealthy sound of feet following her. She wished suddenly that she hadn't left the beach at all. Perhaps she had better sing. No, it was nicer to listen to the far-away music. But when she listened she heard this strange rustling sound behind her. It was much closer now, and much louder. She screwed her eyes shut and crouched down in a little heap on the ground.

"Hello," she heard a voice say.

It was Miles. She could have kissed him, she was so glad to see it was he. There he was, just like a small tousled-haired Indian child in his feathers and paint.

"Where are you going?" she asked, smiling at him through her tears.

"You won't tell?" he leaned forward breathlessly.

"N—never," she stuttered in an earnest tone, eager to please him since he was the only person who had paid any attention to her that night.

"Well—I'm running away."

"Running away? But where? And why? And can I go too?" she implored.

"To the Indians, of course," he said somewhat loftily. "I'm tired of Jamestown where everyone works all day, and besides I thought 'twas a good time when I had on these feathers and paint. They'll not kill me or scalp me without even giving me a chance to speak."

"Oh, let me come too," Nancy jumped up and came nearer.

"We'll have to walk a long, long way and we'll have to eat fruit and sleep outdoors the way Dale and I did when we went on our trip up the river," Miles warned her seriously.

"I don't mind. I'd rather. I'm tired of Jamestown too, and Mary and Margaret are all grown up and only care about dancing and Elizabeth's no fun and Anthony and Thomas are too fond of teasing."

"We'll have to hurry before they miss us," Miles said sternly. He took her hand and helped her through a thicket of prickly bushes ahead. She didn't say a word, though her long curls caught

twice and a long ugly scratch sent a swift pain up her arm.

"It's pretty dark, isn't it?" she said quaveringly.

"Now look here, if thou art going to be frightened all the time," Miles said.

"I only meant it was kind of dark; I didn't mean anything particular," Nancy insisted.

"Thou art sure now?" Miles said sternly.

"Yes, I'm sure," Nancy said, feeling rather silly though, in spite of her assured companion. Here she was a great girl five or six years older than Miles and believing he was right when all her senses told her he was wrong.

But it was a pleasant night. Perhaps if it had been chilly they would soon have tired of their adventure and stolen sheepishly back. The air was warm and as the moon rose higher and higher it gradually lit the forest as brightly as pale sunlight.

"We had best keep to the shore of the river so that we won't start going in circles and find ourselves back at Jamestown. Dale says that is what people who get lost are always doing—going round and round and round in the same spot."

Nancy had a horrid feeling of going round and round, and she looked anxiously at the trees to see if any looked different from those she remembered passing before. She was convinced that they looked

exactly the same, but it wouldn't do to frighten Miles, and perhaps he was right. If they kept to the shore of the river they couldn't go in circles since the river went on and on like a winding snake.

"We had better sleep until dawn," Miles said when the moon began to sink again in the sky and the forest got blacker and blacker around them.

"I think I'd rather walk," Nancy said. "Why, I've never slept outdoors before."

So they walked on unhappily, Miles quite convinced that a true woodsman would build a fire and roll himself in a blanket for the night, but not at all sure he could build a fire and quite sure that he, like Nancy, couldn't sleep if he did. Sometimes they saw the bright eyes of a wildcat gleaming from a dark tree. They scurried on, crackling the branches in a frenzy of haste, scampering like rabbits suddenly bereft of senses and of padded feet. They looked every moment to see if the dark, oily stream of water still lay beside them. The trees played tricks, it seemed, as they swayed idly in the breeze. Their tops seemed purposely to close over the children's heads. It was like being in a dark cave.

"Much better than Jamestown—this," Miles said cheerfully.

"H'm," Nancy assented.

Far away they heard the low rumble of thunder. It struck terror in both their small hearts.

"Only a summer storm," Miles said carelessly.

For a long time after, fitful lightning colored the whole sky, but the rain didn't come and the thunder gradually grew fainter and fainter. Expecting the storm had quite worn them out.

"Let's sleep on the b-beach," Nancy stuttered fearfully, "m-much better than the woods, Miles."

"All right." Miles had suddenly lost his leadership. He put his hot little hand in hers and they ran down to the soft sand. They lay close together, their bright eyes fastened on the sky.

"Night is not as black as I thought it was," Nancy mused, as she watched the dark clouds shading into each other. But her small companion did not answer her.

In a moment she, too, was asleep.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

SPANISH TREACHERY

MEANWHILE the ball at Jamestown cloaked secret actions of a more important nature. The music and beauty of the scene on the beach had not only captivated the children of the Colony, but had made blood run hot in the veins of every Englishman. They forgot for awhile that this was not the country across the sea with its vast estates, its castle gardens, and its fair and haughty women sweeping the grass with velvet trains as they walked in moonlight while soft music played.

The masks on familiar faces made everyday conversations romantic and sometimes almost sinister. Young men saw anew the charms of girls they passed on the street each day with no more than a casual glance of welcome. Ankles were more slender, eyes more bright.

Sir Thomas Gates had decreed that no one of the guard of Jamestown should wear a mask, lest there be sudden need for protection. He had also said that the three Spanish prisoners need not stay in

the fort if they were continuously watched by one of the guard, and if under no consideration they were allowed to change their costume or don a mask.

As no guard wished to stay in the fort that night, they had presented to the Governor a list of their schedules—Master John Beadle to be with the Spanish spies from eight till nine, Timothy Watts from nine till ten, and so on until the ball was over. This scheme had been approved. Thus the only unmasked people upon the beach were the Governor himself, his personal guard of some ten or twelve young men, and the three spies to whom the colonists had become so used that it was a matter of no surprise or fear to meet them at close range.

In fact, to the secret amusement of Sir Thomas Gates, the three spies were seized upon that night as intriguing characters who fitted into the spirit of the ball. He watched his own dainty daughter, Margaret, swaying like a flower on its slender stalk, her head drooping nearer and nearer Marco Antonio Perez, who flashed his dark eyes, and gestured with his slender white hands. Though they could not speak the same tongue, he was telling her in other ways, the enchanting things that he must have told to half a hundred lovely ladies before her.

“’Tis the wicked and interesting ones who gain

the favors of gentlewomen," said the bitter voice of young John Beadle at the Governor's side.

"Ah, art thou through thy term of dancing attendance upon yon charmers?" smiled the older man teasingly.

"Aye, they will not try to escape. What use, my lord, with pretty women's smiles, plenty of food, and a good bed to lie upon? Why should they trade all that for the cold and hunger and fatigue that a runaway journey to some Indian encampment would bring them?"

"Quite true," said Sir Thomas Gates thoughtfully, "but it has been my policy to watch spies anyhow. Running away is expected of them and ordinary mortals usually do what is expected," he said whimsically.

"Well, I watched them closely enough," said John crossly. "I saw Marco Antonio Perez mooning over thy very own daughter and Diego de Molina winking at young Betsy Telfer, but Francisco Lembri I can scarce bear to look upon—a pilot of our own English navy gone over to the side of Spain. He at least does not look at the maidens. He stands as silently as an Indian and only mutters sullen replies to our questions. I suppose 'twill mean death to him some day—this turning against his own nation."

"Come, be gay, John. This ball will not soon be repeated. Go and find pretty little Nancy Wainman and lead her a dance. I have not seen her for an hour or more."

"Oh," laughed John, "Nance would scorn me if I treated her like a lady. She is most mercifully still an unaffected child, my lord."

"I wonder if her playmate Dale will grow up first," mused Sir Thomas. "I saw him gazing with eager attention at the dancers a little while ago. It all must seem strange and wonderful to him since the only kind of music he has ever heard is the wild shouting of the Indians crying to their many gods."

"Dale is a modest lad," said John Beadle. "Why, all of Jamestown turns to him to ask questions about woodcraft. Even the spy who was once an Englishman had heard of Roanoke and was deeply interested in the story of its lone survivor. Look! He speaketh with the boy this very moment. Is't quite all right, dost thou think, my lord?"

"Aye," said Sir Thomas. "None is more seriously concerned in being loyal than that lad."

"There she is," John Beadle did not even heed the Governor's last remark. He was gazing with awe and admiration at the slim figure of Mary Gates. "Pardon, my lord, I must be off."

The moon sank lower and lower; the candles

burned to their last bit of tallow and flickered out. What had been gay and openly exciting became romantically mysterious. Couples were here, and then suddenly they were gone. No one dared to call out for another lest he disturb a conversation not meant for his ears. The music played more softly, more slowly. Sir Thomas Gates yawned and turned to Lady Gates.

"Thinkest we can slip up to the house and rest awhile?" he said wearily.

"Are the children all right?" she said, trying to distinguish their figures in the light of the bonfires on the beach.

"Well, let them be for awhile. We'll come back in half an hour's time and I'll have the bugle blown, which is the agreed signal for a curfew."

Close by, the three Spanish spies saw the Governor climb the hill slowly, pausing now and again to look down at the lazy, happy, young people, reveling in the summer night. The guard for this hour was a young man named William Stafford. He was one of the dullest and most matter of fact persons in the Colony. He seldom laughed and had been said to have stated quite flatly that he didn't like parties anyhow, so he would just as soon guard the spies the whole evening. This had been denied him, however, since every young man liked to make

a hero of himself, and the Spanish spies had afforded an excellent opportunity.

Young William Stafford leaned idly against a tree, his gun in his hand, so that if any of the three spies made so much as one suspicious move, he could raise the alarm in an instant by firing. Francisco Lembri was talking to Dale, discussing with an interested air the story of Roanoke. William Stafford, who had heard the tale many times, felt his attention waning. It was stupid anyhow to guard these men just because it was right. All day they were allowed to come and go as freely as the colonists, because Sir Thomas Gates was convinced they would not try to escape, knowing as they did nothing at all about the woods and surrounding country. Night, while being the easiest time in which to disappear unseen, would at the same time be the hardest time for them to see and it would be certain death to attempt to travel alone through swamp lands, marshes, old river beds, and the dark confusing forest itself.

Much to his own surprise, young William Stafford began to see entertaining things about him. He who had never been known to smile upon a pretty girl fairly craned his long neck in an effort to see better the laughing mouth of Margaret Gates. Why she had stood right beside him and not looked at

him, so busy was she in listening to the soft words of the scoundrel Perez. He felt his heart beat in a strange, suffocating way. Where was she now? He peered again into the confusion of bright colors in the lighted pavilion. Nay, not there. He was filled suddenly with a sense of intrigue, of mystery that lured him. He wanted to chase the elusive shadowy figure of a lovely woman who had not even deigned to cast her eyes upon him.

"Dale, art thou staying here a little?" he asked suddenly.

"Aye," Dale answered, with a puzzled look.

"Take ye my gun and watch these fellows for me. 'Twas my hour to guard and 'tis nearly up. Simon Skore will be along soon and will relieve thee. There is something I must do that I had forgotten quite," he ended lamely.

Dale took the gun, and though he looked closely at the guard who was deserting his post, he did not say anything beyond, "Very well, Master Stafford."

Young William Stafford was gone at once. Dale turned to continue the conversation with the English spy. As he turned, some warning clicked in his brain and told him that the three men had changed their attitudes in that brief second. Before he felt the sickening blow beneath his jaw, he saw in a flash their bodies drawn back like arrows held tautly

in a bow, ready to pin him to the ground. Then the sickening pain turned into a blessed darkness.

He awoke to find himself being carried roughly, his feet held by a man in front, his head by the one behind. They had muffled his face so that he was nearly suffocating. He tried to cough and scream at the same time. His hands twisted wildly in an effort to free themselves and he found to his amazement they were not tied at all, but only pushed through his belt.

Low words were spoken in Spanish and the three men stopped. They dropped him abruptly, and the Englishman, Francisco Lembri, spoke to him roughly.

"An unlucky day for thee, boy, but 'tis best not to protest since we carry a gun and thou dost not."

"What dost thou want of me?" Dale said in a hoarse, strained voice. "Thou art only walking into greater danger. That is why Sir Thomas did not guard thee better. He is a woodsman and he knoweth that the forest of Virginia holdeth greater horrors than a comfortable home in Jamestown until thou art traded back to Spain for our English pilot."

"Aye, for one who is not a woodsman the forest holdeth horrors, but art thou not a woodsman, wert thou not raised like a child of nature by the Indians? Thou alone in all of Jamestown can save us. We

have known this for some time but little did we think luck would play into our hands so easily."

Dale felt suddenly cold and sick. They expected him to lead them to safety. They knew what was true, that he was the only one in the great Colony of Jamestown who could save them. It was perfectly within his power to skulk through the forest with the three treacherous Spanish spies, to take them to any group of Indians along the river who, at a word from him, would disguise them and take them in their barks to Florida or even to the coast where they could signal any Spanish ship that passed. He knew that he would rather die than take them to safety. Never could he lift his head again. He would have betrayed the good Sir Thomas. The King himself would call him traitor.

"I shall not guide thee," he cried with his eyes flashing and his voice cold with rage.

The Englishman laughed unpleasantly and said something in Spanish. Immediately the two Spaniards stepped behind him and he felt the muzzle of their gun against his spine. Pure instinct made him step forward.

"Now, thou seest, there is a way to make thee walk. And so, no more of this, we must make speed before we are discovered. Take us forward to the

nearest Indian encampment. Thou knowest what to say to them to keep their lips sealed."

Dale started slowly forward. He could still think while he was seeming to agree to their commands.

His keen eyes saw clearly the forest ahead. He knew each deceptive thicket; he recognized every sign of what lay here. Twisted boughs assumed the shapes of animals. He felt his companions shudder and hesitate as they looked at the shadows, as they saw the bright, gleaming eyes of an animal and heard its snarl of rage when Dale hissed it into frightened submission. He felt vastly superior to the cowering men who stalked beside him one moment, and the next moment his sensitive heart nearly stopped as he realized that what he was doing was fully as treacherous as what they had done. Helping spies, aiding the enemies of England, forgetting he was an Englishman himself!

He turned to face them suddenly. They started back with cries of fright at the unexpectedness of his assault, but when they saw he only wished to speak to them they lifted the gun and pointed it squarely between his eyes and gazed upon him murderously.

"Thou canst tell them I will lead them no further," Dale said to Lembri.

The man snarled something in Spanish. The three talked for a moment, and then the Englishman said,

"Thou shalt die where you stand, dog, if thou wilt not lead on. We do not trifle; 'tis no idle threat we offer thee."

"If I die, then ye all die," Dale said coldly.

"What meanest thou?" the man said with a queer, uncertain look at the boy's fearless erect young figure.

"Thou knowest not the forest. Shoot me and thou shalt go on to more terrible deaths."

The Englishman spoke rapidly in Spanish and the two dark-skinned men snarled their replies.

"They believe thee not, and I am ordered to tell thee they will shoot if thou dost not walk on at once."

"Tell them I shall lead them into the deaths I have warned them of," Dale said.

The Englishman started back. He heard with amazement the words of the boy who had never seen England and yet who loved it so much more than many Englishmen.

"Thou wouldst not do it. Have pity on us, for our plight is not one to envy. Wherever we turn death stares at us, or imprisonment, or the anger

of the Spanish King because we failed him. Only in thy hands can we hope to find safety.”

Dale stood quietly, his shoulders erect, his head high. In that moment he seemed to be born a soldier. It was as if he stood in a great battle and decided whether to mow down the opposing force or show them mercy. His face was the face of a general, for it told not what decision he had made. He turned his proud countenance away from them and started forward.

The woods were filled with a hundred horrors. The twisted trees were the bodies of men struggling to save themselves. Beyond, he heard the monotonous lapping of the water on the beach, endless, eternal. The wind made a rushing sound and distant thunder gave an oppressive warning. The trees were more stunted in their growth. He heard the Englishman say gladly,

“We are coming to an opening. Good, lad, we can make more time here,” and then he said something in Spanish which was probably a reassurance to the others.

Dale shut his eyes for a moment. Then he pulled himself erect again. He seemed to hear a whirring of insects, his heart was too big for his body; the silver bog in front of him looked like an enchanted meadow. He walked forward quickly as if to break

into a run that they might do as the Englishman had said, "Make time here."

He did run, but swerved as suddenly from the silver, slimy space beyond, swerved so that he did not leave the brown crusty earth. Two of his followers swerved with him, sensing some terrible danger. The third, Marco Antonio Perez, the dark-skinned Spaniard who had murmured his Spanish words of love into the ear of dainty Margaret Gates, ran straight into the silver field. He leaned forward grotesquely. He cried out fiercely, wildly, as he felt his legs sink. Those who watched turned away that they might not see him disappear from sight.

"Thou shalt die for this," cried Lembri, lifting the gun and pointing it squarely at the boy's heart. "Thou murderer—thou led him straightway into the bog, knowing full well he would be swallowed. Nay, all of us might well have been swallowed by it."

"If I die, remember that thou wilt die a death like this. The country about is filled with deceptive stretches of swampy earth. Thou wilt be sucked down even as thy companion was to bottomless depths."

Francisco Lembri shivered a little, passed a hand over his wet brow, looked long and earnestly in

Dale's face. Then he murmured words to the frightened Spaniard.

"What is it thou wishest?" he asked stiffly.

Dale did not betray his surprise at his victory. He only felt a great load lift from his tired heart. He did not want to die. He did not want to see the others die. The white, struggling face of the dark-eyed Spanish cavalier would long haunt his thoughts.

"Come back with me to Jamestown," was all he said.

Without a word the two turned and followed him.

He led the way to the beach. The sand was harder to walk upon but even Dale had had enough of the woods for one night. They reached the shore and breathed deeply the fresh cool air that rose from the water. It seemed clean and good there after the terrifying scene they had left.

The three men walked as if in a trance, mechanically moving forward. Their bodies were weary; their minds were weary. The sand was heavy beneath their feet. They had gone on this way for about an hour, making slow progress when Dale stopped suddenly. The two men with him stopped nearly as quickly. They had come to count him as their protector, even though he had led their companion to death. He was an Englishman and you could always trust them to stand by their word.

Then they saw what he had seen—a dark mass on the beach ahead. They stood silently while he went forward to see what it was. It seemed to the boy that he could not bear another tragedy that night. He bent over the still, dark figure. He caught his breath, and then sighed swiftly in relief. Not one figure, but two. Nancy and Miles holding each other's hands, sleeping the gentle sleep of children as peacefully as if they had been in their proper beds at Jamestown.

Nancy's eyes opened first. Wonder and surprise were on her small pale face. She sat up without saying a word, saw the water close to her, felt the soft sand beneath her. She laughed impishly at Dale's grave face. Her laughter awoke Miles. He, too, got up quickly, his feathers a crumpled mass, his painted cheeks like dirty smudges and his childish countenance sleepy and mystified.

"Well, how did you find us?" he said.

"I was not even looking for thee," Dale said indifferently.

"Why, what meanest thou? Isn't the whole Colony out seeking us yet?" said Miles in a grieved voice.

"We were running away," Nancy said gravely.

"So I supposed," Dale answered with a preoccupied air.

"Where art thou going?" Miles asked curiously.

"Oh, we're going back to Jamestown. Good-bye, I hope thou art happy wherever thou goest to live," Dale said without smiling at all.

"Why look, he has the Spanish spies with him, —but only two of them. What does it mean?" cried Nancy.

"We're going now," Dale replied, and motioning to the two men, started forth in the blackness.

"G-good-bye," Miles called bravely.

"Oh!" Nancy said, gulping a little.

"Say, he needeth another guard I think for those spies," Miles said suddenly.

"Aye," Nancy scrambled to her feet, "Dale—oh, Dale, wait for us," she called.

"We've come to help thee guard thy prisoners," Miles said boldly.

"Nay, 'tis kind of thee, but I can manage nicely. And think, thou wouldst have to run away all over again," Dale teased.

"We want to go home and stay there," Nancy said, with all pretense gone from her voice.

"A safe place," murmured Francisco Lembri, smiling at the little girl in the half-light of dawn.

They had not gone far when they saw a flickering light in the dark woods. Dale called out cheerily, and soon a posse of men came hurrying from the

thickets. Their eyes were heavy with weariness and they gazed in amazement at the strange little company before them.

"A good half of Jamestown has been in the woods this night," said Simon Skore merrily, "and all because of—all of ye," he bowed before them mockingly.

"We ran away," Miles said, hanging his head in shame.

"And fair worried Sir Thomas to death," said Captain Percy reproachfully.

"Oh!" said Nancy, her eyes filling with tears.

"There'll be a good bit of explaining to do. Let's be getting back to Jamestown," he said.

"Where is the other prisoner?" someone cried in excitement.

"In the bottom of Sunken Marsh," Dale said sadly.

No one questioned him. They let him stride forward. One of the men lifted the slim, weary figure of Nancy in his arms. Distant shouts were heard in the woods; echoes and signals passed between the rescuers.

Jamestown at last—red dawn—the pavilion covered with wilted flowers from the night before—the Governor pacing up and down before his house, looking gray and old.

"Nancy, Nancy, how could you?" he cried.

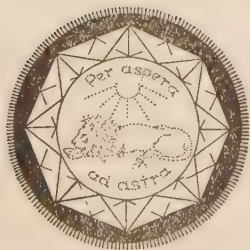
"The prisoner Perez is dead, my lord," a voice said.

The Governor did not lift his head. He looked into the tear-filled eyes of the little child in the yellow poppy dress.

"Aren't you happy here, Nance?" they heard him say.

"Nobody would dance with me, and I was lonely," she said, winking the tears away.

She felt Dale's eyes upon her, and to her amazement he put out his hand and gently stroked her curls.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN



THE SUMMONS FROM PARAHUNT

WITH the return of autumn came the terrible malaria that had left its mark upon the Colony the previous year. It seemed almost as if the Governor's house were doomed. Lady Gates fell ill and soon lay in that quite helpless condition that had first besieged Nancy's father and then Lord Delaware. Her sickness was brief, for she had no strength to combat the fever. Sadness again came to those in the house.

Sir Thomas Gates blamed himself for bringing his family away from safe and sheltered England. His one plan, when he was able to push the grief from his mind, was to send his daughters back across the sea. His sons he could safely keep, for Thomas, the eldest, was a fine stalwart soldier and Anthony, though more sensitive and less inclined to manly things, was healthy and strong. It was decided that Mary and Margaret and Elizabeth should sail in December.

The time of their departure was still nearly a

month away. Nancy dared not think of what it would be like when they went. Perhaps Sir Thomas would beg her to go with them, for there was no one save good Bridget to take care of a little girl in the Governor's house. She didn't want to leave Jamestown. Dale and Miles were like her closest brothers.

The days passed more slowly than ever before. There was no exciting adventure to make its mark, and Master Strachey had started a school to which they went each morning, a tiresome dreary procedure that every child in Jamestown disliked. Nancy remembered scattered bits from the early tutoring lessons she had had at Broxley Hall. Elizabeth Gates was far ahead of her, though she was no older, but Dale sat shy and miserable trying to tell a verb from a noun and Miles was always wrong in his answers.

"I see not why we should learn this language called Latin," Dale said crossly one day, as he and Nancy sat with their books in the Governor's house studying.

Outside the wind blew gently through the dry autumn leaves. They drifted slowly to the ground with languid grace. A rabbit crossed the lane with a swift, frightened leap and then rolled into a lazy ball of indolence behind a thicket. Dale watched

the idle scene and then turned back to his book resentfully.

"Why do we study Latin anyhow, Sir Thomas?" Nancy said lifting her eyes to the Governor who had just come into the study.

"I can think of one good reason right now why Dale should want to," smiled Sir Thomas.

"What?" Dale said sulkily.

"Come, come, I have never seen thee in this mood," laughed the older man. "Hast thou forgotten the book in yon cabinet made by Captain John White of Roanoke?"

"What has Latin to do with the Armorial Roll?" Nancy broke in impetuously.

"Bring forth the book and let us see," smiled the Governor.

Nancy climbed upon the footstool and Dale stood near while Sir Thomas unlocked the vast cabinet. They lifted forth the valuable, battered-looking book that held the secret of Dale's birth within its covers.

"Now look at it for a moment and see if thou knowest what I mean," smiled Sir Thomas again, as if he had thought of a splendid joke.

The two sat down on the floor and opened the covers of the Armorial Roll of those men of noble

birth who had come to Roanoke by the order of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Look," cried Nancy excitedly, "I have it. Every seal in the book hath a motto in Latin. Why look, doth it not make thee die of curiosity, Dale?"

Dale looked closer at the fine printing made by Captain White. His grave face brightened.

"*'En dat Virginia Quintam'*," he read slowly from the largest seal of all. It was the coat of arms of the London Company and so had been put on the front page of the Armorial Roll.

"And that sayeth, 'Behold, Virginia gives the fifth part.' What can that mean?" asked Nancy, wrinkling her brow.

"Aye," said Sir Thomas, "England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are the four kingdoms—Virginia will perhaps be the fifth!"

For an hour their Latin lesson was forgotten as they puzzled over the mottoes. Some of them were brave titles indeed, such as "Endure," with a pillar for the symbol, a pillar so great and strong it looked as if it would last forever. There were brilliant swords crossed, eagles on the wing, and the furled sails of a ship with "Passage" marked beneath. Sir Thomas told them that this art of making coats of arms was called heraldry, that certain symbols were always used and certain rules followed.

"I have never seen what a coat of arms looks like save in this book, have I?" asked Dale.

"Why, perchance thou hast not," Sir Thomas Gates replied in some surprise. Then he called his son Thomas, and bade the boy show a great seal ring to the children.

"And sometimes the coat of arms is put on armor, for did not all of King Arthur's knights have an emblem on their shields?" Nancy said.

"Yes, and oft it looketh like a coin, for the seal can be made of gold or silver as well as being engraved upon a precious stone."

"The Indian told me that the seal I wore about my neck was golden and transparent. Could he have meant it was a coin or a jewel I wonder," Dale mused.

"It might be of amber or of topaz; they are both like liquid sunshine bottled up into hard shining stones," said Sir Thomas thoughtfully.

"Which one can it be?" the boy said in sudden desperation.

"Some day soon, thou must try again to see Parahunt and to find out what he knows or conceals from thee," said the Governor seriously.

The children went to bed that night thinking of blazing shields bearing lions and banners upon which were written strange Latin words, and some-

times like bright moons there flashed a jewel on whose polished surface were cut the swirling scallops of a dragon's tail. Sapphires for the sea, emeralds for the forest, and golden topazes for the sun. What strange fate had made Dale's ancestors choose a golden stone? How had Dale's father happened to leave the seal with his small son? What good fortune had made Parahunt worship the sun god above all other gods of Nature?

November was past. Housewives looked toward Christmas, and the evenings were spent in writing long messages to friends in England, for a ship was to leave Jamestown in a few weeks. On this ship were to go the daughters of Sir Thomas Gates, and the Governor had pleaded with Nancy for many hours to accompany them. She had not answered "yea," or "nay" to him as yet. She wanted to please him, and she knew that Lord Delaware would be glad to have his ward pay him the promised visit, but she did not want to leave Jamestown and Dale before the mystery of his family had been solved.

Then one day Jamestown was startled anew. An Indian runner came out of the forest and hurried to the house of Master William Strachey. Some thought he had come to warn Dale of an impending massacre or attack upon the fort; some believed that the

Indians had heard that a ship from Jamestown was to go to England and wished to send some message to the white man's king. Only those who knew the story of the love of Parahunt, the wise old Indian chief, guessed that perchance Dale had been sent for to grace the Indian encampment at some festivity.

The boy rushed headlong into the Governor's study.

"Sir Thomas, Parahunt has sent for me. The runner sayeth the chief hath a message of great import. Have I your leave to go?"

"Of course, boy, and with thee go my wishes and my high hopes that thou wilt bring back thy father's coat of arms."

Nancy waved good-bye from the hilltop. Miles called until the shallop rounded the last bend, "Let me come too. I went before, you know, and I was good."

But Dale only shook his fair head laughingly, and the small boy winked back his tears of disappointment.

"We'll have to wait ten whole days, Miles, before we hear," Nancy said sadly.

"Perhaps less, if he paddles as swiftly as we did that other time," Miles boasted.

"And the ship starts for England in two weeks time. What if it should go before he returns?"

She blinked her eyes, too, so that Miles saw there were tears on her lashes.

"What hath that to do with it?" Miles said in a puzzled way.

"Oh—nothing I guess," Nancy answered, but she thought of the eagerness of the good Sir Thomas for her departure to England with his daughters. She knew she could not go if Dale did not return before the ship sailed.

The two children trudged back to the garden to play, but for that day there was no fun to be had. Their laughter was broken by long intervals of reverie.

Dale hurried toward the Indian encampment with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. The messenger had spoken to him in the language that he had not heard for many days, saying that Parahunt the wise was dying and that he spent his last hours praying to the sun god and crying for Dale to be brought to him. Dale lapsed into the ways of the red men when he was with them. He made no answer to the Indian's brief disclosure beyond a soft murmur of sorrow. For the next few days the two silent figures took turns watching and sleeping, sharing their rude meals, and paddling with strong sweeping strokes up the river.

They reached the familiar stretch of water that

led to the camp. On the shores many fires burned, and the Indians danced the dance of death, crying mournfully and swaying like flexible reeds in the wind. Dale saw that Parahunt was still alive, for if he had been buried the women would have been in their houses mourning and weeping instead of flocking to the shore.

Dale's companion led him straightway to the small arbor-like house of the chief. Here, lying on a great leather pillow, lay Parahunt, surrounded by bracelets, long chains of copper, beads, and pearls. Near him were several baskets filled with all his riches, his pipe, and any treasures that he had cherished since his youth. All these would be put into his grave with him, for that which was held dear in life by the Indians always accompanied them in death.

"He knoweth he is going to die, then?" Dale whispered to the Indian boy with him.

"Parahunt knoweth all things," said the red man superstitiously.

Dale went forward and knelt by the old man's side. Even in these last moments, while he held passionately to the thin thread of life, Parahunt did not lose his dignity. No sound of suffering came from his tightly compressed lips. He greeted the

white child that he loved so dearly as if nothing momentous marked the occasion.

"Thou hast done brave things since I last saw thee," the old man said simply.

"Nay," Dale shivered a little as he thought of the Spaniard he had sent to death.

"The good Governor has returned to Jamestown," said the old man.

"How dost thou know all these things, Parahunt?" cried Dale in amazement.

"The white man is growing important enough for the red man to know all his works," the Indian replied sadly.

"They mean to do no harm to the Indians," Dale said, struggling with his loyalties. "They would be good and kind to the Indians if they were not afraid."

"Aye, such a day may come, but I shall not be here to see it," smiled Parahunt.

Dale was uncomfortably silent. He could not say soothing reassuring things to the sick man, for the Indian boy was right—Parahunt knew all things. Who knows what he thought of death as he lay there facing it, feeling the cold breath of loneliness coming nearer and nearer. The English boy was pale as he sat with the sick old man. He felt that the secret of his heritage might go out with the breath

of life before him, but he could not bear to hurt the Indian, who had saved the lives of his father and mother, by urging him to give up a secret he cherished. It took all his strength to keep from crying out like a child, begging, entreating Parahunt to tell him of the golden seal. Instead he smiled and stroked the brown wrinkled hand near him, talking of little things.

"I teach the children of Jamestown about the woods, as thou taught me," he said.

But Parahunt did not want to listen that day; perhaps he felt it was his last chance to speak. Presently he began in a rambling monotone to talk to the boy. Often his eyes flashed and his voice was strong, only to find soon after he could scarcely whisper and must lie down on the leather pillow again.

"When I die my tribe will disappear. Those whom I have ruled by love will be ruled by the power of the great Powhatan, master of seven tribes or more. The white man will push farther and farther up the river until a village rises where these houses are. No longer will these scattering Indians need the sun god's care."

Dale sat very still. He sensed that something of vast importance was passing through the old Indian's mind.

"It is I who have kept the sun god watching over us. From the time I was a child I had more trust in him than in any other god. When I saw thy mother I knew that she had been sent to wander away so that I would find her. When she gave us thee I knew that thou had been sent to keep the spirit of the sun among us. But I knew that the day would come, when, like thy mother, thou wouldst die or wander away. What was there for me to keep that was a part of the sun for my people?"

The old man stopped and shut his eyes to rest. Dale knelt over him fearfully. He knew now that the old Indian was telling him these things because they concerned him. Would the darkness of death hide the words in the old man's heart? Parahunt gently pushed him back, and continued to speak slowly and thoughtfully.

"One day I saw thy mother bathing thee. About thy neck was a round, shining thing. I determined to look at it some time when she knew it not. I felt that she would guard that shining thing with her very life if she knew I wished to see it, but because I had never asked her about it she thought that I was not interested in its meaning. I was interested in all things pertaining to her and to thee. I bided my time and when the opportunity came I took the shining thing from thy neck. My heart beat as it

does when I await the approach of a young deer in the quiet of the forest. A picture of the sun was on it; the sun god had left his sign with thee."

"What meanest thou, Parahunt?" Dale said, keeping the wild excitement from his voice.

"'Twas a precious jewel the color of new honey and caught sunbeams. Since, I have been told by white men traders it is called in thy country a topaz. On it were faintly chiselled lines, words I cannot read, and the design of a sleeping lion in the full glory of the sun. From that moment a vast peace filled my heart. Should you die, there was still this sign of the sun god to bring good fortune to my people. I never let thy mother know I had the topaz seal. She told me of it, weeping and sorrowful, saying it was the one thing that could take thee safely to thy home in England. From that moment I forbade her mentioning England or thy home or anything about thee."

While Dale sat in still misery, his heart aching for his mother and the grief she must have felt at losing the single thing that would tell her son his birthright, Parahunt sat up weakly and pulled one of the baskets toward him. Breathlessly the boy watched him take from it a shining golden jewel.

"When I knew that I must die, boy, when I saw that I must leave the tribe, I suddenly knew that



Dale went forward and knelt by the old man's side.

the charm of the sun god would not mean to them what it had meant to me. I saw that it was not the topaz seal that had kept my people from joining Powhatan the powerful, but that it was myself. This I could not have done without the golden jewel. It aided me in times of turmoil and strife; nothing can ever make me believe it did not bring good fortune to my tribe. But now that I must die, I do not want to take it with me. There is just one other person on this earth to whom the topaz seal can bring good fortune—and that is to thee, the child of the sun god.”

Dale took the jewel from him. It lay in his warm palm, a cool and slippery thing like a tiny pool of cold water. He saw the engraving—a lion resting on its paws against a sun in full glory—and beneath the symbol were words that he could not understand but that he saw were Latin, “*Per aspera ad astra.*” He must hurry back to Jamestown to find its meaning.

But he stayed with Parahunt that night, sometimes holding the old chief’s head on his knee, sometimes telling him eagerly of the great book at Jamestown that had pictures of seals and beneath them their owner’s names. Afterward he realized that the old Indian had not understood him at all; it was too difficult for his dying mind to grasp things

of which he had never heard before. But the two were happy together, Parahunt with his tired eyes fastened on the boy's golden hair, Dale with his eyes on the topaz seal.

When dawn came the boy stole quietly from the tent. His chieftain was dead and Dale did not want to wait for the barbaric funeral dance. He went quietly down to the shore and pushed off in the frail shallop for Jamestown.

The days and nights of his trip homeward passed quickly. The topaz seal was like a charm that made the way easy, for he could not think of his discomforts when he was so occupied with the mystery of the jewel he carried. A coat of arms could tell him his father's name! It was all part of the magic of England, the land where he had never been.

Nancy and Miles had seen him coming. They dashed along the sandy beach to meet him. High on the hill he could see old Master Strachey standing in the gloom of early evening awaiting this adopted son of his, while the lights in the Governor's house twinkled. It was good to be back with them. The boy felt his eyes grow wet and his heart beat faster.

"What hast thou found? Thou art smiling, so it must be good luck," Nancy cried.

"We have spent every day and night on the beach waiting for thee," Miles shouted.

"What news!" Dale replied. "News that we all want. I bring back with me my father's seal!"

Up the hill he went in a trice, calling to Master Strachey to come quickly along to the Governor's study where the Armorial Roll of Roanoke was safely locked away. Elizabeth was dancing, while Mary and Margaret, forgetting to be grown-up ladies, pushed with the others to see the topaz shining in the candlelight. Sir Thomas and his two tall sons reached for the old manuscript.

"What meanest the motto, anyhow?" cried Nancy, saying slowly and painfully, "*Per aspera ad astra*."

"Sit down, all of ye," smiled the Governor, "and before we look in the great book, let me look at the topaz seal that I may tell you about it. Its meaning hath great beauty."

They brought stools and benches from the adjoining room and soon they were all seated.

"*Per aspera ad astra*," said Sir Thomas, "meaneth 'Through hardship to the stars,' and the emblem verifies the noble words. A lion, which standeth for strength and endurance, is at rest in the glory of the sun. Lion dormant and sun resplendent are the heraldic terms. The topaz standeth for fortitude and for the planet Sol which is the sun; for

noon which is the sun's zenith, for light which is the sun's element, for Sunday, the day of the sun, and for July, when the sun is at its greatest heat. Thy father and thy father's father, Dale, were men like thee, who lived not easy lives, but who lived them with courage and endurance, knowing that at the end of turmoil there must be peace."

They were all greatly impressed. The little girls looked as if they had sung a Christmas service, packed with mystery and beauty; the boys were off their guard and forgot to be manly. Their eyes were dreamy and their cheeks flushed as they listened to the story of the topaz seal.

The Governor opened the great book and passed it across the table to Dale. In the centre of the dark brown wood, the topaz seal glittered.

"Match the jewel's design with the design drawn by Captain White, my boy," the Governor smiled.

"Perhaps it will not be here," Dale cried fearfully.

"There it is, isn't it? Oh, no, it isn't," Nancy sputtered, pointing to a picture of a sun emerging from dark clouds.

They turned the pages, their hearts aching for fear that another disappointment awaited them. Suddenly they all shouted together, their fingers pointed, they laughed hysterically. There it was—

the golden sun—the wild, strong lion quietly at rest—the waving scroll, “*Per aspera ad astra.*”

Sir Thomas Gates was as excited as the others. He fairly snatched the book from the children and read with glowing eyes the words written in the fine hand of the man who had preserved this valuable record.

“Seal of the Earl of Eastmoreland, Dale Ashurst. His only living relative is a young brother, Stephen, who is a member of the King’s personal guard and the cleverest man in the Kingdom at running down spies. The family estate at Shropshire has been given over to a distant cousin, since both the brothers preferred a life of adventure instead of a home-
stead in England.”

“Hast thou ever heard of my father’s brother?” cried Dale.

“Heard of him?” smiled Sir Thomas. “Why, boy, I talked with him scarce six months ago about the matter of a certain map of which you all know. He is the most famous member of the King’s guard at court.”

There was a breathless pause before they could laugh and chatter again. The mystery of interwoven events, the eternal wonder of tangled relationships made suddenly clear, far countries linked

with near surroundings had been brought forcibly home to them.

"I think I'd like to sail on the ship to England to see mine uncle," Dale said shyly. "Of course I would come back again, but 'twould be a visit that would settle many questions in my heart."

"An excellent plan," said the Governor, "I shall see that thou hast a letter to thy father's brother explaining all these things. And now, Nancy, can I not make thee sail upon the ship too. Or if I can't, can Dale?"

Nancy's cheeks were rosy, but she laughed good-naturedly, and said, "Aye, your lordship, I would fain like to see the man who can read Spanish ciphers and who will not be Earl of Eastmoreland any longer if Dale chooses to claim his title. But I, too, must come back. Bridget would be sad without me. I will talk to my guardian, Lord Delaware, and he will tell me what to do, so that thou hast no longer the responsibility of me," she said mischievously.

"I always want thy responsibility, and I know that the Governor's plans will be thine, Nance, so I will see thee again at Jamestown by the spring, I'll wager."

"I'm going too," a small voice announced fiercely from the end of the room.

They turned to see Miles looking very much abused, as no one had paid any particular attention to him for nearly an hour.

"We must take him," Nancy said.

"I want my father," the small boy said with a suggestion of a quiver in his voice.

"Dost thou think he can be found, Miles?" asked the Governor.

"Aye, there are spots in London that such as thee can not know of, but I remember them well," said the small boy. "I am tired of Jamestown; I want to go travelling with players again and I want to paint my cheeks and don a costume and say long lines from Master Shakespeare's plays."

"Then, go thou shalt," smiled Sir Thomas.

After they had all gone to bed, the Governor wrote a long document to the Earl of Eastmoreland. Then he called Nancy very softly outside the little girl's door. She hopped out of bed and putting on a warm robe and slippers tiptoed with the Governor into his study.

"Child, there is a mission for thee in England," he smiled.

She held her head high, for she felt very proud that he confided in her.

"We have finished Dale's business, but the business of the King is uncompleted. The spies who

came here from Spain prove to us that King Philip gave the map of Virginia into the hands of his mariners, since they found the way to Virginia with ease, coming veritably up to the fort of Jamestown. My talk some months ago with the Earl of Eastmoreland convinced us both that there is a leak somewhere in the English navy. Thou rememberest Miles' story to Lord Delaware, which he brought to London when he returned, that a man with a handsome uniform gave the boy's father money to come to Virginia to spy upon the bearers of the map.

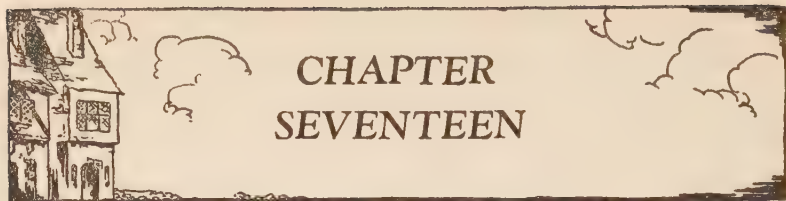
"Nancy, we must find that man with the handsome uniform. We can watch the letters from the Spanish ambassador to the King, but even they escape us a great deal of the time. And this we know, that the letters of the ambassador would be harmless if some Englishmen were not telling the writer what to say. When thou reachest London, thou must contrive to stay with Miles until he finds his father. Then thou must give up the secret of Gabriel Hooker's hiding place to the King's men. Gabriel Hooker alone can tell what man bribed him to find the map."

Nancy's face was grave. Her heart ached for the small boy who had reached out his hand when his father went away and said to her, "Thou canst live here." She knew that Miles loved his father in

spite of his cruelty. She knew that they had a great bond in their mutual fascination for the stage. If Gabriel Hooker were cast in irons, Miles would be lonelier than ever. She was torn between her love for Miles and her strong loyalty to the cause of the King.

Suddenly she thought of something that made her smile happily. Sir Thomas had said that no one but Gabriel Hooker could recognize the man in the handsome uniform. Perchance Miles himself would remember and then his father would be saved from prison and the King's business would still be guarded. She did not tell Sir Thomas Gates of the compromise she had made between her heart and conscience. She kissed him good night and whispered, "I will do my best for King James and for thee, and in the spring I will come home and tell thee all that happened."





CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

AT THE KING'S COURT

AT LAST the ship reached London, the London that Nancy remembered as a kind of fairy-land that her father brought her to see at Christmas time; the London that Miles knew as theatres built along the swampy banks of the Thames and as taverns where men about town sat all night drinking from great cups; the London that Dale had never seen before and that seemed more wonderful than anything he ever would see again.

Never would Dale forget the first day of his arrival, when Lord Delaware met the children and took them through the streets paved with cobblestones, in a city surrounded by walls and gates, on roads lined with high-gabled, red-roofed, two-story, wooden houses with projecting signs bearing their owners' names upon their doors. Men on horseback or in litters made the streets a lively, bustling confusion, and the river Thames was like another main thoroughfare, blue and clear, filled with thousands of boats threading their way while the watermen

cried "Eastward ho!" or "Westward ho!" all the day long.

The great London bridge spanned the water with buildings, lining it as if it were a street, and there were tall towers on the gates where the heads of men who had fallen on the block for treachery or crime were displayed. In front of St. Paul's Church, which was not only the greatest cathedral in London but was used all day as a kind of meeting place, swarmed curious processions of soldiers and priests, men-at-arms, statesmen, and hawkers proclaiming their wares in loud, rasping voices. Sometimes a court lady was seen in fanciest dress, great hoops and ruffs that set off the auburn hair that Queen Elizabeth had made famous in her reign.

They went to the house of Lord Delaware to stay, and inside, it was not unlike the Governor's house at Jamestown. As soon as they were all together they began to talk—of Virginia, of course, and how Sir Thomas Gates made an excellent Governor—where Dale must go to find his uncle—where messages from Jamestown should be delivered. They had talked a long time when suddenly Nancy stopped and cried:

"He's gone! Oh, where can he have gone? Miles! I say,—Miles!"

Certainly the boy was nowhere to be seen. Lord

Delaware called the servants and they said that they had noticed him sliding out the front door and had supposed that his lordship had sent him on an errand. Nancy sat in the stiff-backed chair with great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, Nancy, he'll come back," said Lord Delaware, quite mystified by his small ward's concern.

"But I promised Sir Thomas I would not lose him," she wept softly.

The children looked at her curiously and would have asked her all the questions that came to their lips had not Lord Delaware signalled to his wife to take them out into the big dining room and seat them at the table heavy with good things to eat.

"Tell me, Nancy," he said kindly, "there is more here than just worry that Miles will get lost."

For several moments she was silent and then nestling her small hand in his large one, she told him.

"Sir Thomas's letter has informed thee of the Spanish spies that came to Jamestown. Well, thou rememberest that Miles told thee when his father shipped aboard the boat for England that a great Englishman had paid him silver to follow the map. Sir Thomas thinks that Miles will find his father because he knoweth what haunts Gabriel Hooker lingered in before he went to Jamestown. And the

good Governor sayeth that 'tis my business to watch Miles and to find Gabriel Hooker so that the King's guard can question him."

Lord Delaware looked very thoughtful.

"'Tis true that amazing knowledge has leaked into the hands of Spain. As yet we cannot find whom to doubt. We know our English ambassador at Madrid pays certain high statesmen in the Spanish government for knowledge; 'tis just as possible that Spain is buying the secrets of England from men whose integrity we believe firm and who fill the highest offices of state. Perchance Gabriel Hooker could give us a clue—wise thought of Sir Thomas's."

"B-but," Nancy stuttered in misery and excitement, "I don't want p-poor Miles to find his father and then have us separate them again. Why, Gabriel Hooker would be thrown into irons for being a spy!" she cried with flashing eyes.

"Nay, Nancy, I think I can promise thee that if thou wilt find Miles again, and I feel sure that he will try to find thee so we will not even have to search for him, thou canst learn where Gabriel Hooker is and no one save myself will be the wiser. I will talk with him and see what he can tell me."

"Very well," Nancy said after many sighs and tears. "And now, when can we go to Court and find Dale's uncle? Dale carries the topaz seal all

day and night and he longs to show it to the man who can tell him his claim is just."

"To-morrow I shall take thee both, and thou shalt see the King himself. Go to Lady Delaware, Nancy, and she will fix thee a pretty gown to wear. To-night a letter will go to his Majesty telling him the amazing story of Dale's rescue and to-morrow I feel quite sure King James will have his favorite courtier and cleverest guard, Earl of Eastmoreland, Stephen Ashurst, ready to meet thee. Do not tell Dale all this; it will disappoint him if the plans should go awry and methinks a surprise is nicest anyhow."

Nancy ran from the room happily. Only once she saw a vision of little, dark-haired Miles somewhere on the dark winding streets of London, in bright taverns searching the figures there, in damp, cold playhouses peering into the faces of actors, in the rough bear-baiting tents along the river, always watching and seeking his luckless father. But she put the thought away, knowing in her secret heart that Miles was far happier thus than he would have been spending a dignified evening in the house of Lord Delaware.

The next day Nancy and Dale were dressed in velvets and lace to go before the King. The court was a place of absolute idleness and luxury for a

hundred or more courtiers who were like the King's pet spaniels or horses, cared for and enjoyed by the monarch. Before they went into the King's presence, Lord Delaware took them into a great room where courtiers bowed before one another, where soft music played, and where the whole aspect was like a magnificent ball though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon.

Here was Prince Henry, the darling of all England, young and lovable, beside the more sophisticated men of state; Rochester, who was the power behind King James and the real ruler of England; Robert Carr, the Earl of Somerset and the principal Secretary of his Majesty; and other gentlemen with eyes like swooping hawks and manners fit for a King. Then past the dukes, marquises, and earls, Nancy and Dale went curtsying down the line of duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and viscountesses, past the men-in-waiting dressed in red, the heralds in gold,—until they reached the King!

Nancy had never been so disappointed in all her life. He didn't look like a king—this middling, awkward figure with a big head and strange, bulging eyes. He spoke with a Scotch accent and he spit his words out so vigorously they popped at his listeners and made them start uncomfortably. To Nancy it was all an unpleasant dream; to Dale it

was another picture added to the many strange scenes since he had left the wilderness of Virginia. And then their interview was over. The King had told them to love England above all things and never to forget that Virginia was a part of England. In spite of his ugliness he impressed their sensitive minds. They lifted their heads high and thought that now they would never forget the King's business. Catching spies was not all, but living like English people in Virginia must be remembered too.

Lord Delaware whisked them away, and soon they were led into a small private room that opened out of the great reception hall. Here sat a blue-eyed man who looked not much older than Dale himself. He was slender and his hair was burnished gold. He stood up when they entered and went forward to meet them with the same lithe, easy movements that Dale used. If the topaz seal had not told the story of these two lives, perchance an onlooker could have guessed it.

"I have read thy letter to the King, with his permission, Lord Delaware," said the young man. "This is Dale?" He turned to the boy half shyly, but with love and eagerness changing his clear blue eyes so that they were dark and strangely lighted.

Dale murmured a low word of welcome, and then drew forth the topaz seal. The hands of both men

touched it at once—the amber-colored jewel that had brought them together. Nancy sat in a red velvet chair and smoothed her white silk dress restlessly. Coming back to England and carrying out their dreams and plans was all so exciting that she was quite weary. She heard the voices of the three men in a kind of sleepy reverie.

Lord Delaware and Dale were telling the Earl the story of their life in far-away Virginia. It sounded interesting and wonderful to hear all the familiar things of Jamestown brought into the court of London. But they had not mentioned the Spanish spies and the map and Gabriel Hooker—'twas the most exciting part of all. Nancy could bear it no longer.

“Dale, hast thou told thine uncle about the map of Virginia?”

The Earl of Eastmoreland turned to the little girl and smiled.

“Why, Nancy, we will have to become friends. Thy interests are mine. All day I pour over maps that come to the King and strange ciphers and secret messages. Thou art interested in these things, too?”

“Oh, yes,” said Nancy seriously. “Why, I can scarce sleep at night when I think that Spain may attack us in the dark. 'Tis most frightening,” she finished dramatically.

"There are only two ways out," said Dale's uncle thoughtfully. "One is to find the English man or men who are selling Spain our secrets, and the other is to catch the King of Spain in some slip in his correspondence with the Spanish Ambassador, Velasco."

"What good would that do?" said Dale.

"Should the Spanish King ever admit that he is sending spies to Virginia he would have to declare war or reach some other settlement with King James. That would bring the matter into the open and we would at least know what danger threatens us."

"Thou must take one task," said Nancy with her eyes twinkling, "and I'll take the other, sir. Thou shalt sit all night by a candle in a secret room and decipher letters, and I, well, I shall try to find a way to tell thee whom to watch among the English men of state."

The Earl of Eastmoreland laughed and patted her curls. He guessed that she was not entirely playing, but how could a small fourteen-year-old girl solve a problem that had puzzled all the wise and loyal members of the King's guard? Only Lord Delaware did not laugh. He guessed that the child was thinking of Gabriel Hooker and what he might be able to disclose.

Lord Delaware and his young ward went home,

leaving Dale with his father's brother. It had been decided that for the time of his visit in London the boy should stay with his uncle. When they reached home they found that the children of Sir Thomas Gates were all packed and ready to go to relatives in Devonshire at Colyford where their father was born. Nancy and Elizabeth cried quite openly, and Mary and Margaret did not look a bit like grown-up ladies as they kissed their little friend good-bye.

"I will write thee, Nancy, I will," said Elizabeth, "and father has promised us when we are big he will let us come back to Virginia."

"I'll always be there," Nancy said earnestly.

"Art thou sure that thou wishest to return to the Colony, child?" asked Lord Delaware after they had waved their last good-byes to the travellers.

"Yes, I love it there," she said simply, "and Bridget needeth me for company, and now there is a school and everything that a young lady needeth for her education. I am sure my father would not want me to go back to Broxley Hall and live with strange friends."

"Nay, I am sure he wouldn't. But wouldst thou not like to live with us, Nancy?"

"Thinkest thou that I could bear to see Dale go back alone, and that I could be content to be an English lady sitting about all day like the ladies we saw

at the Court, all satin and pearls and horrid ruffs," said Nancy, nearly in tears.

"Nay, nay, darling, I shall plague thee no longer," said Lord Delaware soothingly. "And I know that I too cannot stay away from Virginia forever. As soon as I am strong enough I shall sail the sea again and come to visit thee. But since thou art sure that thou wishest to return, I wish thee to come with me to the offices of the London Company on the morrow. When they see what a brave young miss thou art I am sure that they will give thee shares in the land of the Colony, so that some day thou canst have thine own plantation in Virginia."

Nancy went to bed that night so full of ideas she thought that she would never sleep. But most of all she wondered how she could find Miles and Gabriel Hooker so that she could do her part of the tasks she had set for the Earl of Eastmoreland and her own self. Just suppose one of them did succeed in finding a way to stop Spain! She went to sleep to dream of a great battle in which she, too, carried a sword.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



MORE ADVENTURES IN LONDON

THE next day Lord Delaware and Nancy went to that part of London which centres about the Exchange, where all manner of business offices were located. They turned into a big stone building and at last, after climbing many stairs, they came to a musty office where an old man sat. Lord Delaware and the old man talked for a long time, and Nancy got very tired of counting the cracks in the wall and of peeking through the doors that were opened and shut from time to time as clerks went in and out of the office.

At last the old man took forth a great book and wrote in a small cramped hand. Then he called a clerk who was only a boy about as big as Dale with red cheeks and very merry gray eyes. The boy ran quickly into first one office and then another. When he returned he was carrying a paper. The old gentleman looked at it and nodded from time to time in great satisfaction. Then he said in a high squeaky voice,

"Well, little missy, 'tis good news I have for thee. The London Company will give thee, when thou art of age, four shares of land in Virginia so thou canst have a house of thine own and plenty of garden in case thou shouldst be an old spinster lady," and then he laughed in a high cackling way that made Nancy very angry indeed. But she remembered that Lord Delaware had told her to be very good, so she curtsied and smiled her prettiest.

Out on the street, she stamped her small foot and said to her guardian.

"A spinster lady indeed—and how does he know." Then after a moment's thought, "But dost thou know not a single soul danced with me at the Jamestown ball, not a single soul, and even the Spanish spies looked as if they wanted to dance with Margaret Gates."

Lord Delaware laughed and laughed until his face was as red as it used to be when he got angry at the Virginia colonists.

"Nay, do not worry about things like that. When thou art grown up 'twill be time enough to have these maidenly cares. Now thou art still a child."

"Yes," Nancy agreed with relief, "but Lord Delaware, speaking of the spies remindeth me. We have not seen Miles yet. Perchance he is lost or has

frozen in the night without a warm house to sleep in."

"Nay, no harm can come to that small bewitching imp," laughed Lord Delaware.

"But couldn't we look for him?" Nancy said with tears in her eyes.

"Nay, nay, child, do not be foolish," said Lord Delaware with something of his old pompousness.

Nancy swallowed her tears and they went home to the big house, but they were more silent than when they had started out that morning. The rooms were all empty. Lady Delaware had gone to the dressmaker and the servants were in the kitchens preparing the dinner. Lord Delaware went into his study to put in a safe place the document that the London Company had given Nancy.

The little girl walked slowly from room to room. The closeness of the house disturbed her. She could not go out in the fresh air as she did in Virginia unless someone were with her, for strange peddlers walked the streets and Lord Delaware feared that she would wander into some near-by lane and get lost. She came to the big dining room with its windows that were almost like doors opening out on the lawn. The windows were shut tightly now, for it was a cold afternoon. She peered out and suddenly her listless little body stiffened. There, look-

ing with a puzzled air at all the houses in the street, stood Miles. He had on the same ragged clothes that he had worn at Jamestown and his face looked pale and thin in the dreary light outside.

Snatching her coat and hat and purse from the chair where she had dropped them, the child was out of the house in a trice. She fairly flew across to Miles and seizing his hand, whispered that they must run around the corner so that Lord Delaware could not call her back.

"Oh, where hast thou been?" she said, smiling at him happily.

His pinched features were unhappy. He shivered in his thin jacket.

"I couldn't find my father," he said with his mouth drooping.

Nancy put her arm about his shoulders and they walked on silently for a moment.

"Who took care of thee?" she asked kindly.

"I stayed at the taverns where I amused them with my tricks; one night at the Mitre and another night at the Falcon, and I searched everywhere for my father, at the Apollo, the Boar's Head, the Devil, and all the places we used to go. There is only the Mermaid left, and I do not think he would dare to go there. One of the actors told me 'twas the most famous one in London now and that all the leading

players and writers keep poor fellows like my father away—such men as Burbage and Kemp who are truly great actors and others whom thou hast never heard of, Nancy,” he said rather loftily.

“What men?” she pouted.

“Oh, Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare himself, and George Chapman, and—”

“Oh, stop, let us go there. Perchance thy father is a better actor than he used to be and they may have let him in.”

“Wilt thou come with me, then?” Miles said, his pale face glowing with pleasure.

For answer she tucked her hand in his and the two children darted into the next street. They walked for a long, long time. They passed London bridge and Nancy saw that lights were beginning to sparkle along the river’s edge.

“Where are we?” she murmured wearily.

“Yon, are all the playhouses, and this street is Eastside where Falstaff Tavern is. Soon we will be at the Mermaid.”

And soon they did come to the quaint old building with its sign over the doorway. The two children, like shy visitors in some enchanted fairy book, pushed open the great door and stood on the threshold looking in at the most curious gathering Nancy had ever seen. There were only men, most

of them plump with rosy cheeks and watery eyes, laughing and drinking from great mugs. They all stopped when they saw the intruders.

Miles, with his instinct for amusing, broke into an impish chuckle and bounded up on the bar where he swung his legs and folded his arms with an expression on his face like a pious priest. Nancy looked in bewilderment, first at Miles, and then at all the kind, red faces beaming on her in astonishment. She twisted a red curl and smiled at them shyly.

"We look for a man named Gabriel Hooker," said Nancy, with a little curtsy.

All of the company of men shook their heads with a more puzzled look than ever. None of them had ever heard of him. But the barkeeper had leaned far over the counter and was surveying Nancy with a sly, cunning air.

"What wilt thou give to know, pretty maid?" he said in a harsh voice.

Nancy started back in some fear, and then remembering she was Mistress Wainman and the ward of Lord Delaware, lifted her head proudly. But she did not know what to say. Miles had stopped his acting and with tears streaming down his cheeks was crying:

"Oh, tell me where my father is, I prithee."

The barkeeper continued to look at Nancy's coat all trimmed with fur and the little purse she carried. But a tall young man came to her rescue, speaking harshly from the back of the tavern:

"Here, Simon, enough of that. Dost thou wish us to favor another tavern? There are plenty of them in this neighborhood, thou knowest. Tell the child what she asks."

"Well," said the man sullenly, "how do I know that she does not wish my friend harm?"

"But I don't; we only want to know where he is," Nancy cried eagerly.

"He left not an hour's time ago for the wharf. He hath a meeting there with some person of note."

"Come, I'll take thee," said the young man, and before anyone had time to wonder at the strangeness of the scene, he had seized both children's hands and hurried them out into the dusk.

Down a short lane they went to the dark water's edge, brightened here and there by lamps swinging in the evening breeze. Boats were hurrying back and forth and anchored to the wharf was a graceful white ship with the arms of England upon it.

"There! There he is!" Miles said in a queer, hoarse voice. "And Nancy, it's the man in the beautiful uniform who sent us for the map who is with him."

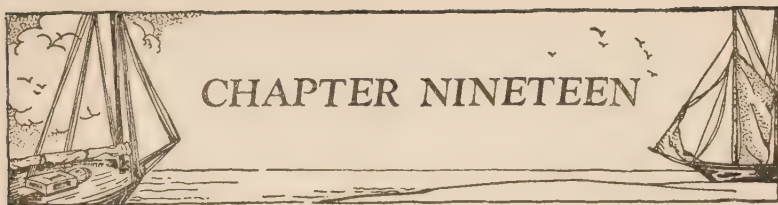
"This is strange business," muttered the young man. "Well, if he is your man, good-bye, but I would not linger long on the wharf, little maid."

Miles had run down to meet his father. Nancy stood for a moment undecided, and then she ran back to the young man who had turned slowly away.

"Why did you say it was strange business," she asked. "Tell me, I swear it may help the King himself!"

"Well, so it may," the young man said with a shrug, "but how you can tell is more than I know. 'Tis strange because that raggedy man named Gabriel Hooker is talking to William Monson, Admiral of the Navy, and the King's Secretary, the Earl of Somerset!"





CHAPTER NINETEEN

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

NANCY knew the moment the bewildered young man pronounced the names of the men who stood on the wharf talking to Gabriel Hooker, that she had found out what she wanted to know. Gabriel Hooker would not have to be put in irons. She would not have to betray his treachery.

“Canst thou wait a moment, sir?” she said with a pleading smile to the well-dressed man who had taken her part in the tavern. “I am the ward of Lord Delaware and he awaits me anxiously. I cannot find his house alone and I am sure he would thank thee greatly if thou wouldst take me to it.”

“I shall be most honored,” said the young man kindly.

“Wait thee but a second; I must speak with Gabriel Hooker.”

Before she reached the water’s edge the white ship had disappeared into the fast-falling darkness. The lamp that had lighted the faces of the men still

burned and Gabriel Hooker recognized the maid as she approached.

"Run away, pretty, 'twill do thee no good to ask me questions. I have no answers for them."

"I desire nothing from thee," Nancy said loftily. "It is Miles I wish to ask a question. Tell me, little brother, hast thou decided to go with thy father or to come back to Virginia with Dale and me when we sail in a month or two?"

In the silence that followed, Nancy felt hot tears in her eyes. She knew that she had lost Miles. The mystery and color of the London playhouses and taverns, the secret meeting at the wharf that they had blundered upon, his father, rough adventurer that he was, all had called to the child's sensitive imagination.

"My father and I start on a long voyage, he says," Miles told her in a voice that was not quite steady. "Some day when I grow up to be a man and have had enough of wandering I will come back to Jamestown and find thee again."

"Good-bye, then," she said softly, and bending down she whispered in his ear, "Do not forget me, little brother, and if thou canst, wherever thou art, do what Dale and I shall do, give your whole heart and all your strength and loyalty to the service of the King."

"I promise thee, whatever my father does will not make me forget," the child whispered in return.

Nancy said a stiff good-bye to Gabriel Hooker, and then ran back to the young man who stood politely in the shadows waiting for her. While they walked through the misty streets of London to the home of Lord Delaware, Nancy chattered as gayly as she could, telling the stranger of the Colony across the sea, of the topaz seal, and of the King whom she had just seen for the first time. She did not mention why the names of Gabriel Hooker's companions might aid the King, but when they reached Lord Delaware's house she told the stranger he must come inside, that she wished him to tell her guardian something of her adventure.

The mystified young man said this much of himself, that his name was Francis Lane and that he stayed at the Mermaid to hear the words of Master William Shakespeare. When Lord Delaware came pacing out of his study, looking like a lion with his hair all rumpled and his thick eyebrows close together in a worried frown, he smiled upon Francis Lane and welcomed him by name.

"Well, Francis, where didst thou find this bad run-away?"

Nancy wriggled uncomfortably and her cheeks

got hot. It was such a long story and she was so tired.

"Please—wilt thou explain what happened?" she said sleepily.

Young Francis Lane looked very puzzled, but he told the story as he had seen it from the time they left the tavern in search of Gabriel Hooker to the time they found him upon the wharf talking with two of the best known and most highly ranked men in the King's Court. Nancy held her breath, wondering if Lord Delaware would give Gabriel Hooker away. Instead he thanked her companion, and said that nothing more must be said of the matter. As long as Gabriel Hooker was leaving on a long voyage, he continued, there was no need for further worry. Still mystified, Francis Lane went away, but he was too true a subject of the English crown to pry further into matters of state that did not concern him.

"Nancy, how thou hast frightened us," said Lord Delaware crossly. Nancy felt as if she were back in Jamestown and had run into the forest against the Governor's bidding.

"But truly, if I had not gone quickly when I saw Miles we would never have found him. And now—," she stopped shyly, but her eagerness carried her on, "dost thou not think, perhaps, we have found out



They waited for a while in a small room while a page went to tell the Earl that they were there.

the men who care more for Spain and for money than they do for England?"

"Nancy, breathe not a word of this to anyone. It must be told to men who are in the service of the guard, to the Earl of Eastmoreland who is the cleverest courtier of the King."

"I promised him I would tell him if I found anything out. Couldst thou not take me to see him at once?" Nancy pleaded.

"Not to-night, child. Thou hast had too much excitement for one day, but I shall send him a message to expect us to-morrow at Court."

They gave her her supper, and at last she decided she wasn't going to be scolded after all for running away. Her tired eyes were nearly shut, but she did not want to go to bed. There were too many exciting things to think about. It seemed a great waste to go to sleep. But the soft bed felt very good, and Lady Delaware's cool hand on her warm head made her very happy. She thought of Miles sadly, but she knew that he wanted to be a wanderer, a play-actor, all the things his father had been, and somehow she trusted that he would stay good and true instead of selling his loyalty for silver as his father had done. Her heart beat faster at the thought of the morrow. Dale and his uncle would hear her story. They would see that she had tried to be a

member of the King's guard too, even if she was a girl.

She thought that she would awaken at dawn, but it was the middle of the morning before she opened her eyes. The mistiness of the night before had vanished, and instead, the room was golden and warm. She dressed quickly, and Lady Delaware came in with a new dress on her arm, a dress of apple green with wide white collar and cuffs. Her red curls were brushed until they were smooth and shining. Once more she took her guardian's hand and they started for their visit to the Court."

"To-day there will not be ladies and knights about in silks and satins," said Lord Delaware.

"'Tis the business hour?" said Nancy.

"Aye, the time when King James signeth great documents, and when fair ladies stay in bed for beauty sleep."

"I should have stayed in bed," Nancy smiled mischievously.

The Governor pulled her curls, but he sighed a little to think how soon the small maiden would be a great girl, too big to tease.

They waited for a while in a small room while a page went to tell the Earl that they were there. Nancy sat on the velvet cushions of a seat against the wall and arranged her apple green dress thought-

fully. She was glad that there were not any great ladies around with ruffs and hoops to make her feel like a child. But when Dale came running in to greet her, she forgot all about being grown-up and like a courtly lady. She smiled at him and nearly bursting with excitement said:

"I have seen Miles—and—and what do you think? Oh, but the story is so long!"

The Earl of Eastmoreland came into the room, with a portfolio of papers under his arm and on his face a look of suppressed excitement that matched Nancy's own.

"Well, and how hast thou come with thy task for the King?" he said to her.

"Better than thou thinkest, I'll wager," broke in Lord Delaware proudly.

The Earl looked very much surprised, and putting aside his air of laughter told her gravely to speak quickly.

Nancy spoke so quickly the words ran along and bumped into each other, and the first ones came after and the after ones came first. But after many promptings from Lord Delaware and many questionings from the Earl the story was told. She waited eagerly for her praise. She had tried very hard, and she wanted to be quite sure that she had helped.

"Nancy," he said very soberly. "Thou hast done far more than thou canst ever know. Even the King may not hear of what thou hast done for a little while. 'Tis a secret between the four of us. I will tell thee why. It is that the men thou hast mentioned hold very high positions in the state. We cannot accuse them without sufficient evidence against them—else they would have us all thrown in prison. They would say that we did accuse them because we had some grudge against them, and the King would believe them rather than us, because they are higher in rank than we are. So we must wait until we find records from Spain that say definitely that these men are paid agents of their government.

"'Twill not be as hard as it sounds, Nancy. Remember our English Ambassador at Madrid knoweth men in the Spanish government who are willing to sell their secrets too. Perchance it will be months or even years before we can bring the Admiral William Monson and the Earl of Somerset to trial, but always it will be on our minds, and always will they be watched. And some day, Nancy, the King himself will thank thee in person, for no one has served him better than thyself."

Dale looked at his friend with pride that matched

the look in Lord Delaware's eyes. Nancy smiled happily at the Earl of Eastmoreland.

"And what hast thou to report to *me*, my lord."

The Earl's laughing eyes were sober again. He looked at the small maid carefully as if to judge the discretion and wisdom of her young head.

"Nancy, I am half tempted to tell thee something that is so secret that not half a dozen people in the whole court know of it. 'Tis the kind of a thing that lies buried for not only years, but centuries. And then, in some far-off day, historians of other worlds come upon it accidentally and some war is explained, some strange act made clear. Perhaps we four can share another secret."

"I promise 'twill lie buried in my heart," Nancy said quietly.

Lord Delaware said softly, "In the name of the King, I swear myself to secrecy."

Dale touched the topaz seal and echoed, "On the seal of my father and my father's fathers I swear to secrecy."

The young member of the King's guard slowly drew forth a paper from his portfolio. He began to speak slowly.

"For more than a month I have worked upon the most difficult cipher that has ever come into my

hands. It was copied from a letter sent by King Philip of Spain to his Ambassador in this court, Velasco. I knew that it might prove to be nothing more than a master's instructions to his servant, but somehow I always felt that more than an ordinary mystery was concealed beneath the code. I have worked night and day upon it, and strangely enough, just yesterday about the time that Nancy was intent upon her task, I hit upon the key. This is what the letter says:

“‘For Don Alonso de Velasco: In another letter which is sent with this you are ordered to take steps with that king as to the liberty of three prisoners, whom Englishmen in Virginia have captured, and here in cipher, and for yourself alone, I have wished to inform you that those aforesaid prisoners are the Alcayde Don Diego de Molina, Ensign Marco Antonio Perez, and Francisco Lembri, an English pilot, who by my orders went to reconnoiter those ports; but you must not give their names otherwise than you were told in said letter, as long as you do not obtain their liberty, which you will exert yourself to the utmost to secure, employing all your skill and dexterity to prevent that king from finding out the purpose for which those three men went there, and you will promptly report to me what may be going on.’”

"By heaven, we have him where we want him," cried Lord Delaware with his eyes flashing.

"I do not understand," said poor Nancy, trying to tell what it was all about.

"'Tis too complex for thy young head," laughed the Earl, "but I tell thee, Nance, that 'tis a great day for England. It meaneth that the King of Spain has here admitted on paper what he denies in person, that he did send spies upon English people. 'Tis a matter that could cause a war.

"Instead, the King of England will demand that King Philip never go near Virginia again. His spies will never know why he does not use their information about Virginia. Finally his people will say that 'twas his bad habit of putting off until it was too late that kept him from planting a colony in Virginia in place of ours. But the real reason will be that he feared to do anything, lest the King of England give all the powers of Europe this letter that showeth Spain plotted against us and spied upon us without cause."

"Then Virginia is safe," Dale said.

"Aye, thou canst go back to it, children, knowing that no matter who shall spy, no Spanish fleet will ever again sail into a harbor there and no gun shall be shot to force thee from thy homes."

Nancy went from the Court with Dale. Lord

Delaware stayed with the Earl of Eastmoreland to discuss further the important letter.

The two who had so often raced through the woods of Virginia and played on the shores beside the river, now walked primly down the streets of London. From time to time they glanced shyly at each other. A peddler passed close to them and called his wares loudly; a foreigner walked by with a monkey perched on his shoulder and a parrot on a stick. Dale stopped in amazement.

"What are those things?" he murmured softly.

Nancy laughed at him, and told him how they were from the east and that the man had probably come over on a ship that had gone there to trade. The silence between the two was more strained than ever. At last Dale said:

"I am stupid because I have never seen a city before, only woods and quiet things like the Bay and the evening sky. I have much to learn."

"But thou art not stupid," Nancy said quickly. She half turned to him, but as her eyes met his, she turned quickly away again.

"Let's go down to the river," Dale said.

They walked slowly down to the sparkling Thames. The boats were all shining in the bright noon-day sun; the water-men called joyously their

"Eastward ho!" and "Westward ho!", while children of London played along the shore.

"'Tis not unlike Jamestown," said Nancy.

"Dost thou want to go back, too?" Dale cried eagerly.

And suddenly Nancy wanted to go back so badly she could hardly bear not signalling a white boat in the river and telling them to take her to the sea.

"Aye, here there are too many ladies," she said with a shy little smile.

"But there are none as nice as thee," Dale said loyally.

"We can still be true subjects of the King there, for does not the motto say that Virginia is the fifth part along with England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales?"

They watched a small boat sailing swiftly along until it was only a phantom shape in the distance.

"It is going where the water is gray," smiled Nancy, "and soon we'll be there too." Before their eager eyes the blue Thames seemed to turn into the dark wide ocean.

THE END





